

The Canterbury Poets

CONTEMPORARY BELGIAN
POETRY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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CONTEMPORARY GERMAN POETRY "CANTER-
LUCK POETS" SERIES 1/.

In the Press—

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH POETRY "CANTER-
LUCK POETS" SERIES 1/.

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Contemporary Belgian
Poetry. Selected and Translated
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To
Emile Verbaeren.

Tout bouge—et l'on draine les horizons en marche

Now let the dead past fall into the deep,
With all its sleepy songs and churching chimes,
You are the Bell that gospels mightier times
O'er men who scale the Future's rugged steep,

Not looking back to where the weaklings creep,
But, with for battle song your iron times,
Marching front forwards to the visioned climes
Where hearts are steeled and furious forces sweep

Of Jewish idols and Greek gods they sing,
But louder than their voice loud anvils ring,
And o'er their gardens smoke-trailed waving hair

But while the old was ruined by the new,
You pointed to a City far more fair;
And, Master, with glad hearts we follow You.

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INTRODUCTION.

OTTO HAUSER refers the Belgian renascence in art and literature to the influence of the pre-Raphaelites. The influence of painting is at all events certain¹. That of music is not less marked². Baudelaire has been continued by Rodenbach, Giraud, and Gilkin. Verlaine's method in *Fêtes galantes* is imitated in

¹ Charles van Lerberghe was directly inspired by Rossetti and Burne-Jones. Verhaeren has written much art criticism. Fontainas, who has translated Keats, and Milton's *Samson Agonistes* and *Comus*, is a historian of painting (*Histoire de la Peinture française au xixe siècle 1801-1900*, Mireure de France, 1906). Max Elskamp illustrates his own books with quaint, mediæval woodcuts; see, especially, his *Alphabet de Notre Dame la Vierge* (Antwerp, 1901). Mockel has written a study of Victor Rousseau (1905). Le Roy is an amateur painter.

² Verhaeren heard Wagner's *Walküre* twenty times running. Mockel is a learned musician; of his two volumes of verse *Chantefable en peu nature* and *Clartés* contain musical notations of rhythms. Gilkin found it difficult to decide whether to be a musician or a poet.

Giraud's *Héros et Pierrots* (Fischbacher, Paris). The naturalistic style of Zola was independently initiated in Belgium by Cainille Lemonnier, who directly influenced Verhaeren. But the most potent influence is that of Mallarmé, whose symbolism has transformed contemporary poetry. It was a feature of the symbolists to return to the free metres and the simplicity of the folk-song, and there are echoes of popular poetry in the verse of Braun, Elskamp, Gérardy, Kinon, van Lerberghe, and Mockel.

Belgium is a country of mixed nationalities. The two languages spoken are Flemish and French. Flemish is a Low German dialect, the written form of which is identical with Dutch. Practically all educated Flemings speak French, which is the official language; the French Belgians, who rarely know Flemish,¹ are called Walloons. Only those authors who write in French are represented in the present volume, and they may be classed as follows:

Flemings:—Elskamp (French mother), Fontainas (French admixture), Giraud, Kinon (Walloon ad-

¹ Verhaeren, who is a Fleming *pur sang*, and who was brought up in an exclusively Flemish-speaking district, knows practically no Flemish. Maeterlinck, on the other hand, might have written equally well in Flemish.

mixture), van Lerberghe, Le Roy, Maeterlinck, Ramaekers, Verhaeren.

Walloons:—Bonmariage (English mother), Braun (German grandfather), Isi-Collin, Jean Dominique, Gérardy (Prussian Walloon), Gilkin (Flemish mother), Gille, Marlow (English grandfather), Mockel (distant German extraction), Rency, Séverin.

The Belgian poets are again divided into two very hostile camps with regard to metrical questions. The *Parnassians* (the term is used for want of a better) cling to the traditional forms of French verse (what Byron called “monotony in wire”), and to the time-honoured diction; whereas the *verslibristes* use the free forms of verse imported into France from Germany by Jules Laforgue, and perfected by (among others) the American Vielé-Griffin. It must be noted, however, that there is a tendency among the *verslibristes* to return to the classical style: Verhaeren, who wrote in *vers libres* after his first two volumes, has, in his last book, *Les Rythmes souverains*, approximated to the regular alexandrine. Van Lerberghe, in a letter written in 1905, condemns the *vers libre*; but his own work is an immortal monument of its practicability.¹ The chief Par-

¹ See Georges Rency, *Physiognomies littéraires*, pp. 120-122.

nassians are Giraud, Gilkin (whose *Prométhée*, however, is in *vers libres*), Gille, and Séverin. Max Elskamp is a *verslibriste* only in his use of assonance.

Belgian literature begins, for all practical purposes, with Charles de Coster's national epic *Uylenspiegeli*. De Coster died young, and was followed by the novelist Camille Lemonnier (1844-). Then comes the flood-tide, not in literature only, for Fernand Khnopff, Georges Minnes, Théo van Rysselberghe (the bosom friend of Verhaeren), and Constantin Meunier are as distinguished in painting and sculpture as, for instance, Georges Eekhoud and Joris-Karl Huysmans are in the novel.

The beginnings of the modern movement, which was directed, in the first instance, against Philistinism, may be traced back to the group of bellicose students who were gathered together at the University of Louvain about 1880. Some of them, among whom were Emile Verhaeren and Ernest van Dyk (the famous Wagner tenor) founded a magazine, *La Semaine des Étudiants*, which was soon suppressed by the University authorities. Other students who later became famous were Iwan Gilkin and Albert Giraud; and,

¹ See Gilkin, *Origines étudiantes de la jeune Belgique*.

Edmond Deman, who was to become Verhaeren's publisher and a maker of beautiful books. Another student, Max Waller, who, till his early death in 1889, was the imp of mischief in the literary world of Belgium, founded, in rivalry with *La Semaine*, the magazine *Le Type*, which was also suppressed. Later on Max Waller founded, in 1882, at Brussels, together with Georges Eekhoud and Gilkin, *La Jeune Belgique*, a review to which all the young bloods contributed, making common cause until they divided into *verslibristes* and Parnassians, after which the review was carried on, under the successive editorship of Waller, Gille, and Gilkin, as the organ of the French party ("Part pour l'art et le culte de la forme¹"). Other reviews which provided a battling-ground were *L'Art Moderne*,² to which Verhaeren contributed, and *La Wallonie*, which Albert Mockel founded at Liège in 1884.

The exuberant vitality of these students, though it often led them into extremes, laid the foundation of a literature which is in many respects the most remarkable of contemporary Europe. Now that Tolstoy is dead, Maeterlinck and Verhaeren stand

¹ Gilkin, *Quinze années de littérature*.

² Founded by the lawyer Edmond Picard, who discovered "l'âme belge." He advocated a literature which should be specifically Belgian.

at the head of the literature of the whole world; and they are, as Johannes Schlaf has maintained, the perfect types of the "new European." It is absurd to consider them as Frenchmen; they are as much the product of their country as Ibsen is of Norway.

Modern Belgium, "between ardent France and grave Germany," the focus of all the roads of Europe, is as rich in intellectual gifts as it is teeming with material wealth. "The vitality of the Belgians," says Stefan Zweig in his splendid book on Verhaeren, "is magnificent. In no other part of Europe is life lived with such intensity, such gaiety. In no other country as in Flanders is excess in sensuality and pleasure a function of strength. The Flemings must be seen in their sensual life, in the avidity they bring to it, in the conscious joy they feel in it, in the endurance they show. It was in orgies that Jordaens found the models of his pictures: in every kermesse, in every funeral feast you could find them to this very day. Statistics show us that Belgium stands at the head of Europe in its consumption of alcohol. Out of every two houses one is an inn. Every town, every village has its brewery, and the brewers are the richest traders in the country. Nowhere else are festivals so animated, so noisy, so un-

strained. Nowhere else is life so loved, and lived with such superabundance, at such fever-heat." It is a land that has conquered the sea, and Spain, and is still unspent, raging with greedy appetites of body and brain. Verhaeren has vaunted it in himself.

"Je suis le fils de cette race
Dont les cervaux plus que les dents
Sont solides et sont ardents
Et sont voraces.
Je suis le fils de cette race
Tenace,
Qui vent, après avoir voulu,
Encore, encore et encore plus."¹

The greatest of all French poets, past and present, is Emile Verhaeren. He was born in 1855 at Saint Amand, a village on the Scheldt to the east of Antwerp. He has described the impressions of his childhood among the *poldeis* in his charming book *Les Tendresses premières* (1904), the processions of ships sailing, like a dream plumed with wind, down the river under the stars, the dikes, "la verte immensité des plaines et des plaines"; and in the superb symbolism of *Les Villages illusoires* he has magnified the villagers at their trades. He was educated at the Jesuit school

¹ "Ma race," *Les Forces tumultueuses*.

Sainte-Barbe in Ghent, with Georges Rodenbach for a schoolfellow. Then he studied law at Louvain, made some faint of practising at Brussels, and, in 1883, burst upon his countrymen with his audacious book *Les Flamandes*, the fruit of close study of Flemish genre-painting and the poetry of Maupassant. An indignant critic called him "the Raphael of filth"; but he rehabilitated himself by "*Les Moines*" (1886), sonorous poems mirroring life in a Flemish monastery, painting monks whose asceticism is as savage and voluptuous as the huge joy in life illustrated in *Les Flamandes*.

These two books glow with health. But the poet had impaired his constitution by riotous living; and the trilogy which now followed, *Les Soirs* (1887), *Les Débâcles* (1888), and *Les Flambeaux noirs* (1890), form one long elegy of disease. These years, his "pathological period," were full of the blackest pessimism and despair. He was much in London at this time, in isolation all the more desperate as he could not speak English. He was fascinated by the atmosphere of the English capital, its immensity, its desolation, its fogs, identifying his own mind with all of its "*O mon âme du soir, ce Londres noir qui traîne en toi!*" "*Je suis l'immensément perdu*," he cries out in despair; he yearns for his brain to give way:

When shall I have the atrocious joy of seeing madness, nerve by nerve, attack my mind?" But the very keenness of his self-observation gradually brings him healing: a mastery of the body by the brain. This intense wrestling with disease is full of significance, and one of the lessons which Verhaeren has to teach is that new conditions of existence, the din and dust of great cities, the never-resting activity of modern brains, will create a new man whose nervous system will be able to bear the strain imposed upon it. And when one sees Verhaeren turning from self-torture to lose himself in the energy of the restlessly progressing world, one thinks of John Addington Symonds growing stronger over "*Leaves of Grass*." His recovery and reconciliation with life are symbolized in his poem *Saint George*, one of the collection *Les Apparus dans mes Chemins* (1891).

In his first two books he had been a realist and a Parnassian. The volumes which follow are in *vers libres*, and they are, to a certain extent, symbolistic. *Les Villages illusoires* (1894) is all symbolism: the ferryman is the stubborn artist with the green reed of hope between his teeth; the fishermen symbolize the selfish society of to-day; the ropemaker weaves the horizons of the future.

Les Campagnes hallucinées (1893) describes the

desolation of the country, deserted to glut the cities; *Les Villes tentaculaires* (1895) is a cinematograph of the town, while the play *Les Aubes* (1898) completes the trilogy, and prophesies the dawn of a better day after a cleansing with blood. In these three books contemporary life is visualized, reviled, condoned, explained, and reconciled with beauty. Poet, (except Walt Whitman, whom Verhaeren continues) have turned their eyes away from the present to the past, and sung of rural quiet rather than of urban roar. When Henley's poem on the motor-car appeared, there was a cry of denision; but the only thing that was wrong with the poem was that it was not poetry. Verhaeren, however, has smitten poetry out of workshops, anvils, locomotives, girders, braziers, pavements, gin-shops, brothels, the Stock Exchange—out of all that is monstrous and ugly to those who look at material things, as Ruskin did, with the eyes of the past. The accepted ideal of beauty is Grecian, but to Verhaeren the beauty of a thing is not in its outward form, but in the idea that moves it. In Greece the athlete was beautiful; but strength to-day is in the nerves; to-day we see more beauty in a face moulded by mind than in the thews of a discus-thrower. Smoke is beautiful in the pictures of Whistler and Monet; the toil of

grimy workmen is sublime in the sculpture of Constantin Meunier.¹ For Verhaeren, as Stefan Zweig says, "a thing is the more beautiful the more finality, will, power, energy it contains. The whole universe at the present moment is overheated; it is straining in throes of endeavour; our great towns are nothing but centres of multiplied energy; their machines are the expression of forces tamed and organized; their innumerable crowds are joined together in harmonious action. Thus to Verhaeren all things appear full of beauty. He loves our epoch because it does not disperse effort, but condenses it, because it is not scattered, but concentrated for action. All that has will, and an aim in view, man, machine, crowd, town, capital; all that vibrates, works, hammers, travels; all that bears in itself fire, impulse, electricity, and feeling—all this rings in his verse. Everything lives its minute; in this multiple gear there is no dust, no useless ornamentation; but everywhere is creation; the feeling of the future directs all action. The town is a living being."

Verhaeren knows the great cities of Europe. He has felt the spell of Hamburg, as well as of Hildesheim and of little towns in Spain. We have seen him during his period of depression isolated

¹ Stefan Zweig, *Emile Verhaeren*.

in London, and while in England he was fascinated by the reek of soot and tar in Liverpool and Glasgow. In London he would take a ticket to anywhere on "the undergiound," and roll along for hours; he wandered about the docks, and dreamed among the mummies in the British Museum. And though the town of his poems may be any town, it is no doubt, at the back of his mind, London.

In *Les Heures claires* (1896) and *Les Heures d'après-midi* (1905), Verhaeren sings the "douce accalmie" of his wedded life. To translate some of the poems in these collections would be like forcing one's way into a sanctuary. As this:

"Très doucement, plus doucement encore,
Berce ma tête entre tes bras,
Mon front siévreux et mes yeux las ;
Très doucement, plus doucement encore,
Baise mes lèvres, et dis-moi
Ces mots plus doux à chaque aurore,
Quand me les dit ta voix
Et que tu t'es donnée, et que je t'aime encore."

In another trilogy *Toute la Flandre* (*Les Tendresses premières*, 1904; *La Guirlande des Dunes*, 1907; *Les Héros*, 1908) he sings his native province. Of his plays, *Le Cloître*, in the translation of Osman Edwards, was staged, with honour.

and glory to all concerned, by the Gaiety Theatre in Manchester in 1910.

The reputation of Verhaeren's schoolsfellow, Georges Rodenbach (1855-98), has waned considerably since his death. He trails such weary *Alexandrines* as:

"Aux heures du soir morne où l'on voudrait mourir,
Où l'on se sent le cœur trop seul, l'âme trop lasse,
Quel rafraîchissement de se voir dans la glace."

Verhaeren and Rodenbach were followed on the benches of the Collège Sainte-Barbe at Ghent by Charles van Lerberghe, Maurice Maeterlinck, and Grégoire Le Roy. Van Lerberghe's first work, *Les Flaireurs* (1889), is in a style which is said to have suggested that of Maeterlinck's first plays. His comedy *Pan* (1906) is full of devilment. In his lyric verse there is no sediment; all is clear and rippling like a beck dancing down a hill-side in the sunshine of summer dawn. If poetry is music, he is a poet unparalleled. He sings

"Avec des mots
Si frais, si virginaux,
Avec des mots si purs,
Qu'ils tremblent dans l'azur,
Et semblent dits,
Pour la première fois au paradis."

What a gem is this poem:—

Elle dort dans l'ombre des branches,
Parmi les fleurs du bel été.
Une fleur au soleil se penche . . .
N'est ce pas un cygne enchanté ?

Elle dort doucement et songe.
Son sein respire lentement.
Voit son sein un la^uleur allonge
Son long col hérle et vacillant.

Et sans qu'elle s'en éfauchie,
La longue, pâle fleur a mis,
Silencieusement, sa bouche
Autour du beau sein endormi.

“Ce que nous enseigne Charles van Lerberghe,” says Albert Mockel in his masterly book on his friend, “c'est la puissance de la grâce. Le charme de ses vers est unique; le sentiment dont ils nous pénètrent a une sorte de plénitude heureuse qui console le cœur en appelant l'âme vers la clarté. Une onde invisible nous rafraîchit, nous pacifie . . . Mais la force des plus grands peut seule se flétrir à une pareille douceur, et il faut la sûreté d'un incomparable artiste pour faire de la parole écrite cette chose lumineuse et inpondérable qui semble autour de nous comme une poussière d'or sus-suspendue.”

It is scarcely necessary to enter into details here

about Maeterlinck; he needs no introduction to English readers. He has only published one volume of lyrics, *Serres Chaudes* (1889), which is now printed with the fifteen songs he wrote later. In a music laden with sleep rise the faint, forced ~~lyres~~ of a super-sensitive soul, looking through glass darkly at a world whose contradictions seem irreconcilable. Verhaerēn has characterized these poems as follows: "C'était d'une inattendue angoisse, d'une extraordinaire et infinie tristesse, d'une plainte profonde et simple sortie de l'instinct scellé au fond de nous-mêmes. Cela ne s'expliquait pas, mais cela perforait le fond de notre âme et trouvait sa justification dans tout l'inexplicable et dans tout l'inconnu. L'inconscient ou plutôt la subconscience y reconnaissait son langage, ou plutôt son balbutiement . . ."

Gégoire Le Roy has been an electrician, and is now Librarian of the *Académie Royale des Beaux-Arts* at Brussels. He is the poet of retrospection, as Maeterlinck is the poet of introspection. His heart "pleure d'autrefois." He is the hermit bowed down by silver hair, bending at eventide over the embers of the past, visited by weird guests draped with legend. The weft of his verse is torn by translation, ~~it~~ cannot be grasped, it is wasted through shadows.

Max Elskamp is a poet who reminds one that Mariolatry is Minnesong. There is no reason why the devout should not be edified by his poems, but his intention is rather to give a subtle idealization of Flemish life. Those who know Flemish painting will easily read themselves into the enchanting version of Flanders that he gives us, a Flanders how different to that of Verhaeren and yet how equally true !

“ Et c'est alors un pays d'ailes
Aux hirondelles,
Flandres des tours
Et de naïf et bon séjour ;
Et c'est alors un pays d'ailes
Et tout d'amour.”

Thomas Braun, Victor Kinon, and Georges Ramaekers are fervent Roman Catholics. Braun's *Livre des Bénédictons* is a beautifully printed book illustrated by the quaint woodcuts of his brother, who is a Benedictine monk. It is a thoroughly Flemish book, but a volume of verse which he has just published, *J'ai plus le genou* (published by Deman), is Walloon in feeling. His other volume, *Philatlie* (Bibliothèque de l'Occident, Paris, 1910) is poetry for stamp-collectors ! Braun and Kinon are bucolic poets, somewhat in the manner of the French poet Francis Jammes, who aims at un-

Compromising fidelity to nature and the utmost simplicity of diction. But part of Kinon's work is in the style of Max Elskamp, fascinating poetry concerning pilgrimages,¹ and the devotional life of Flanders. Ramaekers, the editor of *Le Catholique*, is inspired "par la vision si riante et si forte du Brabant jovial, intime, et monastique." *Le Chant des Trois Règnes* is a forest of mysticism. The "Three Reigns" are those of the Father = the cult of minerals; the Son = of plants; the Holy Ghost = of Love. Some of the poems would delight an architect. His knowledge of paintings appears equally well in his other volume of verse, *Les Saisons mystiques* (Librairie moderne, Brussels, 1910).

André Fontainas is a symbolist of the symbolists. Mallarmé himself could not have bettered the following exciting sonnet:

Le givre : vivre libre en l'ice le l'hiver,
 Rumeur qui se retrait au regard d'une vitre
 Où, peut-être, frémuit éphémère l'olytie
 De tel vol ou d'un souffle épau menu-vair.
 Le ciel gris s'est, fanfare ! à soi-même ent'ouvert.
 N'est-ce pas qu'y ruisselle au front morne une mitre ?
 Non ! séuile noblesse ou nul n'élude un titre

¹ "La Belgique sait mieux que toute autre jouer dans la paille avec l'enfant de Bethléem." (Thomas Brau.)

A se mentir moins vil que ne rampe le ver.
L'heure suit l'heure encore, aucune n'est la seule:
Pareille à soi, voici venir qui l'enlinceule
Pour brusque naître d'elle et pour mourir soudain.
Un chardon bleu, pas même, au snaire, où cise
Ollant, rêve châtif et dédain du jardin,
Ne fût-ce qu'une épine a s'en former un thyrse.

But the great mass of his poetry is perfectly intelligible. He is a romanticist, but in a new sense; for whereas the old romanticists turned from the sordid present to the motley middle ages and the choral pomp of Rome, Fontainas haunts the labyrinths of his soul, and projects his conscience beyond the bounds of space and time. In Fontainas, as in Gérard, knights ride through pathless forests, but these are not the knights of Spenser. The *Faery Queen* is a record of events in the outer world; Fontainas is a *chevalier errant* in the inner world of the spirit, and his castles are only settling-places for the dove of thought winging out of the unknown.

Iwan Gilkin and Albert Giraud are Satanists. Gilkin's *La Nuit*, "une vision terrifiante des turpitudes humaines," is the most interesting book in Baudelaire's style since Baudelaire. He began it with the intention of continuing his pilgrimage in two following books through Purgatory and

Paradise; but, as he warns his readers in the preface to *La Nuit: This is Hell*! Gilkin seems to have had no aptitude for Purgatory and Paradise after Hell; at all events, his following works have nothing to make an Englishman blush. *Le Cerisier Fleuri* (1899) is a collection of verse in the classical style; but Gilkin has since given his best work to the drama: *Prométhée* (1899), *Etudiants russes* (1906), *Savonarole* (1906). *Jonas* (1900) is a satire predicting the conquest of Europe by Asia.

Albert Giraud is undoubtedly a poet of high rank. His colouring is marvellous. Above all, he is a very personal poet; one can always hear the beating of his heart—"À maint endroit le sentiment mal contenu crève l'enclos de la sérenité."¹ He is a pessimist and a Baudelaarian. "Il se plaît," says Désiré Horrent, "à remuer le fond vaseux des âmes, à goûter le charme morbide des voluptés rares et rassérénées."

Albert Mockel is one of those very rare cases in which a good critic is at the same time a good poet. As a critic² he has probably no rival except

¹ Grégoire Le Roy, *Le Masque*, May 1910.

² *Propos de littérature*, 1894; *Emile Verhaeren*, 1895; *Stéphane Mallarmé. Un Héros*. *Mercure de France*, 1899; *Charles van Lerberghe*, *Mercure de France*, 1904.

Remy de Gourmont. His hall-mark is subtlety; but his learning, too, makes one gasp. (He might, no doubt, have been a professor if he had not been so brilliant). His poetry is philosophy; and the wonderful thing is that it should be such poetry. It is as light as a breeze, and like a deep river that shows its pebbles. He has in preparation a book of verse *La Flamme Immortelle*, which will be a magnificent realization of his doctrine of *Aspiration*. Verhaeren interprets the outer world, Mockel the inner world as reflected in the outer world for existence is double, form and shadow. Mockel has written, too, a child's story-book, *Contes pour les enfant d' hier*,¹ which should not be given to children.

Paul Gérardy is a well-known German poet as well as a French one. He belongs to the school of Stefan George.

In Georges Marlow's poetry the prevailing note is refinement. He has written little, but what he has written is of the first water. Some of the verse in his collection *Alme . . . Fait* is like Brussels lace.

Alme, au lit le l'eau tremble inter
On les tour des râtelées
Parlent d'une ville noyée,
Pourquoi baigner tes mains dolentes ?

¹ *Mémoires de France* (1908).

Princesse trop frêle surgie
 D'un recueil de miniatures,
 Gracie fée aux lèvres pures
 Du vain prestige des magies,

Ta peine étrange quelle est elle
 Pour qu'en cette onde puise
 Mirant ta candeur infantile
 Tu songes aux fleurs immortelles

Du jardin vague où les éphèbes
 Nimbés d'équivoque sueurs,
 Sur l'autel d'or de la langueur
 Immolent l'ange de leurs rêves ?

Fernand Séverin, who is lecturer in French literature at the University of Ghent, is a poet of great charm. His diction is apparently that of Racine, but in substance he is essentially modern. "Virginal" is the epithet the French critics apply to him, and it describes his chaste, transparent poetry very well. "Tout y est en nuances, mystérieusement fuyantes et fondues" (Victor Kinon). He dreams:

"les mains pleines de roses
 Et le cœur enlacé de longs rameaux de lys."

He is full of languor:

"Car mes rêves sont les comme de blancs oiseaux
 En qui verse l'enui de l'azur et des eaux
 Le supreme désir de dormir sur les grées."



Isi-Collin's *La Vallée heureuse* is full of fine things. In such a poem as *La Mort d'Ophélie* the influence of pre-Raphaelite paintings may be discerned. There is Wordsworthianism in his verse (especially *Le Pâtre*), as there is in Séverin's, not a voluntary absorption into the outer world, but a passing reflection of it in the inner being; no direct message, but a statement of a state.

The only poetess in our collection is Jean Dominique. Besides *L'Inconnue des Mers* she has published *La Gaule Blanche* and *L'Aile Mouillée* (Mercurie de France, 1903 and 1909). Her verse is exquisitely feminine, shimmering like shot silk, intimately personal, and perfect in form: "She notes the very shadow that roses cast on her soul." She has written poems which are worthy of Sappho, as that which begins

"Duis la chaleur muette le ciel lisse ses plumes
Comme un grand épervier aux ailes docomesnes,
Mais ce son, l'orceau d'or entrave dans les brumes,
Blotti contre la terre humble et dévoteuse,
Dormira sur le cœur des aunes aiméeuse."

Georges Reney's Pegasus, was a delicate steed with iridescent blue wings when he took it out into the shadows, and the moonlights, and the dawns, and recorded its flights on excellent paper.

Since then it seems to have died of inanition, but he himself has produced a robust body of novels and criticism.

As to Sylvain Bonmariage, he is a prodigy. He is twenty-four years of age, and he has written twelve books. Every one of his plays has seen the footlights. "Précoce à épouvanter le diable et Candide à ravis les saints," is Albert Vautier's description of him.

Our collection does not exhaust the poetry of Belgium. Perhaps no poem we have selected has so good a chance of immortality as a snatch of song by Leon Montraecken

Le vie est vainc
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de larm
Et puis... bonjour !

La vie est breve
Un peu d'espérance,
Un peu de rêve
Et puis... bonsoir !

J. BETHELL

April 1922

Contemporary Belgian Poetry.

SYLVAIN BONMARIAGE.

1887---.

AUTUMN EVENING IN THE ORCHARD.

IN the monotonous orchard alley glints
The languid sun that yet is loth to leave
This unripe, fascinating autumn eve,
And draws a pastel with faint, feminine tints

Spite of the great gold fruits around us strown,
Of the last freshly-opened roses, which
But now we gathered, spite of all the rich
Odour filling the dusk from hay new-mown,

Of all the ripe, warm, naked fruit thou art
I covet nothing but the savour, while
Thou liest in the grass there with a smile,
Tormenting with thy curious eyes, my heart

YOU WHOM I LOVE IN SILENCE.

You whom I love in silence, as I must,
 Fair had I been in olden tournament
 To shiver lances for your eyes' content,
 Making full many a baron bite the dust.

Or rather I had been that favoured page
 Who trained your hounds and falcons that he might
 After you down the valley, o'er the height
 Go galloping in eager vassalage.

I might have heard my lord solicit bliss,
 And swear to you his vehement promises ;
 And gone to mass with you at dewy prime ;

And in the cool of evenings I, to woo
 The smile of your loved lips, had sung to you
 The secret love of lovers of old time.

THOMAS BRAUN.

1876--.

THE BENEDICTION OF THE NUPTIAL RING.

*"Ut quae cum gestis vestiis habeat latem integrum et a sposo tenens
 in nuptia caritate certa sit."*

Almighty God, bless now the ring of gold
 Which bride and bridegroom shall together hold !
 They whom fresh water gave to You are now
 United in You by the marriage vow.

The ring is of a heavy, beaten ore,
And yet it shall not make the finger sore.
But easefully be carried day and night,
Because its secret spirit makes it light.
Its perfect circle sinks into the skin,
Nor hurts it, and the phalanx growing thin
Under its pressure moulds itself ere long,
Yet keeps its agile grace and still is strong.
So love, which in this symbol lies, with no
Beginning more nor ending here below,
Shall, if You bless it, Lord, like gold resist,
And never show decay, nor flaw, nor twist,
And be so light, though solid, that the soul,
A composite yet indivisible whole,
Shall keep its tender impress to the last,
And never know the bonds that bind it fast.

THE BENEDICTION OF WINE.

" Ut vinos cor hominis latifat "

LORD, You who heard the prayer of Your divine
Mother, and gave Your guests that Cana wine,
Deign now to bless as well the vintage new,
Which cheers the heart of those who pray to you.
The breeze blew warm upon the flowering shoot,
And the sky coloured all the round, green fruit,
Which, guarded from oidium and lice,
Thrushes, phylloxera, and from dormice,
Ripened as You, O Lord, would have it be.
The tendril curled around the sapling tree.

And soon the shoots bent under sun-blue sheaves
 With which September loads the crackling leaves.
 Over the vinepress sides the juice has run,
 And, heavily fermenting, cracked the tun.
 O Lord, we dedicate to You this wine,
 Wherem is pent the spirit of the Rhine ;
 We vow to You the vintages of France,
 Of the Moselle, Black Forest, of Byzance ,
 Cypru Marsala, Malaga, and Tent,
 Malmse , and Shiraz of the Orient ;
 That of the Gold Isles scented by the sea,
 Sherry, Tokay, Thetalassomene :
 Nectar of bishops and of kings, champagne ;
 The blue wine from the hill-sides of Suresnes ;
 The sour, white wine of Huy ; Château Margaux,
 Shipped to Your abbots world-wide from Bordeaux ;
 Oporto's wine that drives the fever out,
 And gave to English statesmen rest and gout ;
 Lacryna Christi, Chateauneuf of Popes,
 Grown, O good Lord, upon Avignon's slopes ;
 Whether in skins or bottles ; those you quaff
 With ceremonial face or lips that laugh ;
 Keep them stil clear when cobwebs round them
 grow ,
 To make all world-sick hearts leap up and glow ,
 To lighten minds that carking cares oppress ,
 And yet not dimmire them with drunkenness ;
 Put into them the vigour which sustains
 Mus'les grown flabby , and along the veins
 Let them regenerate impoverished blood ;
 And bless the privileged pure wine and good ,
 Whose common, fragile colour, still unspiced ,
 Sudden'y ceasing to be wine, O Christ ,
 Soon as the blest, transmuting word is said ,
 Perpetuates Your blood for sinners shed .

THE BENEDICTION OF THE CHEESES.

"Dignare sanctificare hanc creaturam casei quam tu ad ipsa animalium producere dignatus es"

WHEN from the void, good Lord, this earth You raised,
 You made vast pasture-lands where cattle grazed,
 Where shepherds led their flocks, and shorn their fleeces,
 And scraped their hides and cut them into pieces,
 When they had eaten all their nobler flesh,
 Which with earth's virgin odour still was fresh.
 O'er Herve's plateaux our cattle pass, and browse
 The ripe grass which the mist of summer bows,
 And over which the scents of forests stream.
 They give us butter, curds, and milk, and cream.
 God of the fields, Your cheeses bless to-day,
 For which Your thankful people kneel and pray
 Let them be fat or light, with onions blent,
 Shallots, brine, pepper, honey ; whether 'cent
 Of sheep or fields is in them, in the yard
 Let them, good Lord, at dawn be beaten hard ;
 And let their edges take on silvery shades
 Under the most red hards of dairylands ;
 And, round and greenish, let them go to town
 Weighing the shepherd's folding mantle down,
 Whether from Parina or from Jura heights,
 Kneaded by august hands of Carmelites,
 Stamped with the mitre of a proud abbess,
 Flowered with the fragrance of the grass of Bresse,
 From Brie, hills of the Vosges, or Holland's plain,
 From Roquefort, Gorgonzola, or from Sp. m'
 Bless them, good Lord ! Bless Stilton's royal fare,
 Red Cheshire, and the tearful, cream Gruyère !

Bless Kanteicas, and bless the Mayence round,
 Where aniseed and other grains are found ;
 Bless Edam, Pottkees, and Gouda then,
 And those that we salute with " Si," like men

ISI-COLLIN.

1878-- .

TO THE MUSE.

SKILLUL the rune of symbols to unravel,
 And mute avowals hearkened unawares,
 Before the light from lips of flowers fares
 With chosen petals I have strown the gravel.

She I awaited came not to the lawn,
 And, solitary, I have chased all night
 The lilac's and the hly's breath in flight,
 And drunk it deeply in the brimful dawn.

Upon the sand these flowers that I have strown
 My foot has crushed them down with cruel force,
 And I am kneeling near the mirroring source,
 Where I have sought her mouth and kin'd mine own.

But now I know, and sing with fire renewed
 Thy mercy, and thy beauty, and thy youth
 Eternal, and I love thee without ruth,
 Whom Sappho the divine and Virgil wooed.

I have all odours to perfume thee here,
 And dyes for mouth and eyes, and I will make
 Thy looks more luminous, and deep, and clear
 Than the stainless azure bathing in this lake

Come with thy too red lips and painted eyes !
 • My senses wait for thee in these bright bower,
 Where they are flowering with the soul of flower
 O mother of fables and of lyne he ,

O courtesan ! Come where the willows wave,
 Lie by the water, I would have thee bare,
 With nothing round thine ample shoulders save
 All the sun's gold vibrating in thy hair.

A DREAM

DREAM of the far hours when
 We were exiled beyond the pale
 Of our happiness ; draw again
 Over our love that ancient veil

Offer your lips to the evening breeze
 That sings among the branches and passes,
 Lay back your head on my knees,
 Where the river the willow glasses.
 Rest in my hands your head
 Tired with the weight of the autumn in its tresses red,
 And dream !

(A fabulous sunset bleeds
 In the calm water wherein,
 Among the reeds,
 Our double shadow grows thin,
 Bathed in the sunset's red,
 And the radiant gold of your head.)

Dream of your virginal spirit's plight,
 When I opened your robe in our wedding night.

(The noise of a wing that lags
 Dies in the waterflags
 And the shadows which descend
 With the afterglow,
 Mysterious and slow,
 Stay on the bank and o'er the waters bend
 Their faces of silence.)

Dream of our love, of our joy,
 And in the shadow sing them low;
 At the rim of your naked lips
 My voice shall ambush your voice.

(The moonbeams slow and white
 Linger on the forest tops,
 Fall and glide on the river they light,
 And now a veil of radiance drops
 On our protecting willow. . . .)

Dream, this is the hour of snow.

JEAN DOMINIQUE

1873- -.

THOU WHOM THE SUMMER CROSSES, AS
A FAWN.

THOU whom the summer crosses, as a fawn,
Red in the sun, through forest alleys springs,
My soul with the deep shadows round thee drawn,
Hast thou not seen the sad, blonde swarm of bees
Pass hanging on the eddies of the breeze,
Bearing on millions of exiguous wings
A little motionless and gilded queen? . . .

Hast thou not felt the orphan grace that starts
To life with life in any beast, and glows,
Tormented with enchantment, in the hearts
Of delicate lawns and simple yes of does? . . .

My sylvan soul, so full of nests and warmth,
Remembering thy flown birds with pangs how keen,
Shalt thou not ever, in parched summer's breath,
Hang like a humming heart and keep the swarm
Of gilded bees bearing their golden queen
Upon thine orphan heart more sad than death? . . .

And shalt thou ever of ecstatic nights,
And of the royal Summer crossing earth,
Know but the printed foot in amorous flights
Of the red fawn, and shadow-dappled mirth? . . .

Soul whom the Winter too shall cross ere long,
And, after, Passion's Spring as bindweeds strong,

TO

JEAN DOMINIQUE.

More sad than death shalt thou not ever seize
This little orphan, golden queen, in state
Borne round the world upon the eddying breeze
By many a thousand longings that vibrate? . . .

THE LEGEND OF SAINT URSULA.

Painted by Carpaccio.

Her slender Ursula has decked her hair,
And her pale visage, and her trailing gown
With odorous collars and with shining pearls;
Her tapering hand the precious burden holds,
Of a sheaf of delicately broken lolds;
Her fragile temple bears the seal of God.

There comes to meet her, o'er the port's green wave,
A gallant pagan prince clad with gold hair,
And grace and love, and loveliness suave.
The maiden and the youth have mouths so grave,
That in the sleeping air on the lagoon
Already seem the harps of death to swoon. . . .

Ursula, virgin, humble as blonde thatch,
Is earnest, and in costly raiment straight,
And like a kingdom taketh her the prince . . .
But she already knows love, there is none.

But she already knows another youth,
The fairest archer of a lordly race,
Awaits her at another ocean's rim
To free her sovran soul to fly to God. . . .

And yet she cometh, with her exquisite neck
Beaten by tresses garlanded with pearls,
And the golden youth who loves her with sad cheer
Harkens approaching nigh his trembling heart,
Following her silent step, a host of wings ! .

THE SOUL'S PROMISE.

IF you can see my soul within my eyes,
I will be softer than a bed of down
For your fatigue to sigh in and to swoon ;
I will be kinder to you and more sweet
Than after vain adieux returning soon,
And tenderer than a sky bedimmed with doves !

Ah ! if you feel my heart rise in my eyes,
Like the sick perfume of the autumn rose,
If you will enter on my spirit's waste,
Upon whose stones no foot but yours shall sound
If you will love my visions and my vows,
I will be more your kin than all your own !

Upon my soul's wild thyme and moss, and on
Its bare stones where the sun is wont to dance,
And in its wind with fire and solace laden,
In the whole desert of my crimson love,
I will immerse you in my honeycombs.

Ah ! can you gaze into my blinding soul,
And know my heart has leapt into my eyes,
As the sling sends after the singing bird
A stone at the mysterious welkin thrown ? .

If you will scan the desert of mine eyes,
 O you will see what suffering immense,
 And what vast joy and silence how divine,
 When, from my soul's height I shall bear you at,
 We shall feel rise in us the wondrous wave
 Of scents of roses and the falling night ! . . .

A SECRET.

I WILL put my two hands on my mouth, to hush
 The words that, when I see you, to it rush.

I will put my two hands on mine eyes, lest you
 Should in them find what I were fain you knew.

I will put them on my bosom, to conceal
 That which might seem the desperate heart's appeal.

And I will put them gently into yours,
 My two hands sick with grief that long endures. . . .

And they shall come full of their tenderness,
 Most silently, and even with no caress,

With the whole burden of a secret broken,
 Of which my mouth, eyes, heart had gladly spoken.

Tired of being empty they to you shall come,
 Heavy with sadness, sad with being dumb;

So desolate, discouraged, pale and frail,
 That you may bend, perhaps, and see they ail t. . .

MAX ELSKAMP.

1862--.

OF EVENING.

All at the heart of a far domain,
With those to whom our hearts do strain,
My Truelove weeps for me, distraught
By my death the week his wrought.
My heart's Belov'd grieves sore,
And plunges her two hands like flowers
Into her eyes whose sorrow showers,
My heart's Belov'd grieves sore

All at the heart of a far domain,
Unto her feet her skates she ties,
Feeling that in her heart is ice,
Far unto me her tired feet strain :
My Truelove hangs to the Chapel pane,
That gazes over all the plain,
With rings, and salt, and dry bread, my
Wretched soul that will not die.

All at the heart of a far domain,
My Truelove never will weep again
The festivals the seasons bring,
With family rings on fingers twain :
My Love has seen me promising,
Like a saint, to spirits pure
A Sunday that shall aye endure,
And all at the heart of a far domain.

FULL OF GRACE.

AND Jesus all rosy,
 And the earth all blue,
 Mary of grace, in your round hands upcurled,
 As might two fruits be. Jesus and the world,
 And Jesus all rosy,
 And the earth all blue. e

And Jesus, and Mary,
 And Joseph the spouse,
 For all my life I place my trust in you,
 As they in Brittany and childhood do,
 And Joseph the spouse,
 And Jesus and Mary.

Then Egypt too,
 The flight and Herod,
 My old soul and my feet that tremble, seeing
 Towards the distant places ambling, fleeing,
 And the ass and Herod,
 And Egypt too.

Now, Jesus all golden,
 Like statues of Christ,
 O Mary, in your hands that hold the sword,
 Over my town whereon your tears are poured,
 Jesus more golden
 In your arms and Christ.

FULL OF GRACE.

Now more and more, fain were my lips
Your inexhaustible Grace to say,
O Mary, at the sailing-day
Of bowsprits and of all my ships

Unto the islands of the sea,
Where went my merchandize of old,
By winds on other oceans rolled
From isle to island of the sea.

But I have donned the broken shoes
Of those who dwell on land, and sprent
My tongue with ash of discontent
Because my memory seems to lose

The sounding Psalm that sang You Hail,
Who decked my prows in gold attire,
When in Your hands the sheets were fire,
The sun a spreading peacock's tail.

Now be it so, since in me stays
Salvation that the sails possess
Under the wind the stars caress
Of far beyond and other days,

And let it be Your self-same Grace
In this to-day of broken shoon,
The same sky, and the same round moon
As when I sailed, O Rich in Grace.

COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED.

INFIRMITI souls are known to me,
 In houses of poor bodies pent,
 And sick to death with discontent,
 Inestable souls are known to me,

Known to me are poor Christmas eyes,
 Sung out their little lights
 At evenings so glimmering through the nights,
 Known to me are poor Christmas eyes

Weeping with coveting the sky
 Into their hands with misery meek ;
 And feet that stumble as they seek
 To pilgrimage the radiant sky.

And then poor hungers too I know,
 Poor hungers of poor teeth upon
 Loves baked in hundred years agone ;
 And then poor thirsts I also know;

And I women weet ineffably,
 Who in poor, pitous bodies dwell,
 And very handsome men as well,
 But who are sick is women be.

COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED.

Now Winter give me his hand to hold,
 I hold his hand, his hand is cold;

And in my head, afar off, blythe
 Old summers in their sick dog-days;

And in slow whiteness there arise
Pale shimmering tents deep in my eyes ;

And Sicilies are in them, rows
Of islands, archipelagos.

It is a voyage round about,
Too swift to drive my fever out,

To all the countries where you die,
Sailing the seas as years go by,

And all the while the tempest beats
Upon the ships of my white sheets,

That surge with starlight on them shed,
And all their swelling sails outspread.

I taste upon my lips the salt
Of ocean, like the bitter malt

Drunk in the land's last orgy, when
From the taverns reel the men ;

And now I see that land I know
It is a land of endless snow ,

Make thou the snow less hard to bear,
O Mary of good coverings, there,

And less like hares my fingers run
O'er my white sheets that fever spun

COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED.

I PRAY too much for ills of mine,
 O Mary, others suffer keen,
 Witness the little trees of green
 And where Your altar candles shine ;

For all the joys of kermesse days,
 And all the roads that thither wend
 Are full of cripples without end,
 By night are all the kermesse ways.

And then the season grows too chill
 For these consumptive steeds of wood,
 Although the drunken organ should,
 Alone, keep its illusions still.

Poorer than I have more endured ;
 Despairing of their hands and feet,
 Poor folks that cough and nothing eat,
 People too aged to be cured,

With ulcers wherein winter smarts,
 O Virgin, meekly, turn by turn,
 They come to You and candles burn,
 All in a nook of silvered hearts.

COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED.

Now is the legend revealed,
 And my cities also are healed,

Consoled till they love each other,
Like a child that has wept, by its mother,

In the things mysterious all
Of altars processional,

And now all my country is bright
With dahlias and lilies white,

Your candles to glorify
Mary, ere May passes by.

Lo! endless the pleasure is,
May returned, and maladies

Borne to horizons blue,
On vessels simple and true,

Far away, on the sea so far
Hardly seen, or like dots they are

Now, under trees, the time glides
In the street where my life abides;

Mary of meek workers, sleep
In the May-wood my head in the sleep

And the rest that my good tools have earned;
Sound mind in a sound body urned,

In a Mary-month more splendid,
Because all my task is ended.

TO THE EVES.

Now, sky of azure
 On houses rosy,
 Like a child of Flanders preach
 The simple religion I teach,
 Like a sky of azure
 On houses rosy;

Lo, to the vexed
 I bring these roses,
 When their memory to the islands reaches,
 The voices that my gospel preaches,
 Like the gladsome text
 A child's talk glazes.

You people happy
 With very little;
 You women and men of my city,
 And of all my moments of pity,
 Be happy
 With very little;

For letters blue
 On pages rosy,
 This is all the book that I read you,
 Unto your pleasure to lead you,
 In a country blue
 Houses rosy.

TO THE MOUTH.

FOR, you my brothers and sisters,
With me in my bark you shall go,
And my cousins, the fishers, shall show
Where the fin of the shoaled fishes glisters,

Whose tides the bow-nets heap,
Till the baskets cry out, days and days,
Darkening the blue ocean's face,
As in a path crowded sheep.

You shall see my nets all swell,
And St. Peter helping the fishes
Which for the Fridays he wishes,
Sole, flounder, mackerel.

And St. John the Evangelist
Lending a hand with the sheets,
At the low ebb of autumn heats,
When haddock come, says the mist.

And our women with tucked-up sleeves,
Like banquets on your tables;
And miracles, and fables
To tell in the holy eves.

FOR THE EAR.

THEN nearer and nearer yet
To the sea in a golden fret,
On the dikes where the houses end,
The trees to the sea-breeze that bend;

With their baptismal names anchored here,
In the rivers to which they are dear,

The vessels my harbour loves best,
Clustered, a choir, at their rest.

Now in their festivity,
I salute you, *Anna-Maria*,

Who seem in your white sails to bear
Cherubs that flit through the air;

And with joy that I scarcely can speak
I see you again, *Angelique*,

You with no shrouds on your mast,
Safe returned from Iceland at last.

But now, like *Gabrielle*, sing
Your new sails smooth as a wing,

And weep no more, *Madeline*,
For your nets you have lost on the main,

Since all are pardoned even
The wind, for kisses given,

So that in kisses and glee
These visiting Boreas may be

Content with the homage they pay,
High the sea to sing the May.

TO-DAY IS THE DAY OF REST, THE
SABBATH.

To-day is the day of rest, the Sabbath,
A morning of sunshine, and of bees,
And of birds in the garden trees,
To-day is the day of rest, the Sabbath;

The children are in their white dresses,
Towns are gleaming through the azure haze,
This is Flanders with poplar-shaded ways,
And the sea the yellow dunes caresses.

To-day is the day of all the angels.
Michael with his swallow, twitting,
Gabriel with his wing, all glittering,
To-day is the day of all the angels;

Then, people here with happy faces,
All the people of my country, who
Departed one by one, two by two,
To look at life in blue distant places;

To-day is the day of rest, the Sabbath
The miller is sleeping in the mill--
To-day is the day of rest, the Sabbath,
And my song shall now be still.

MARY, SHED YOUR HAIR.

MARY, shed Your hair, for lo!
Here the azure cherubs blow,

And Jesus wakes upon Your breast
Where His, rosy fingers rest ;

And golden angels lay their chins
Upon their beathing violins.

Now morning in the meads, is green,
And, Mary, look it Life's demesne :

'Low infinitely sweet it seems,
From the forests and the streams

To roofs that cluster like an isle ;
And, Mary, see Your cities smile

Happy as any child at play,
While from spires and steeples they

Proclaim the simple Gospel peace
With their showring melodies

From the gold dawn to the sunset sky,
Greeted, Mary of Houses, by

The men of Flanders loving still
The brown, centnnial earth they till.

And sing now, all ye merry men
Who plough¹ the gleb², sing once again

Your Flanders, sweet to larks that sing
With gladson³ voices concerting,

And sail afar, ye ships that glass
Your flags in billows green as grass,

For Jesus holds His hands above,
Mary, this festival of love

Made by the sky for summer's birt
With silk and velvet covering eart

* AND MARY READS A GOSPEL-PAGE

AND Mary reads a Gospel page,
With folded hand in the silent hours,
And Mary reads a Gospel page,
Where the meadow shines with flowers,

And all the flowers that stir the ground
In the far emerald of the grass,
Tell her how sweet a life they pass,
With simple words of dialect sound

And now the angels in the cloud,
And the birds too in chorus sing,
While the beasts graze, with foreheads bowed,
The plants of scented blossoming;

And Mary reads a Gospel page,
The pealing hours she overhears,
Forgets the time, and all the years,
For Mary reads a Gospel page,

And masons building cities go
Homeward in the evening hours,
And, cocks of gold on belfry towers,
Clouds and breezes pass and blow

AND WHETHER IN GRAY OR IN BLACK
COPP

And whether in gray or in black cope,--
Spider of the eve, good hope,—

Smoke ye roofs, and tables swell
With meats to mouthly delectable;

And while the kitchen smoke upcurls,
Kiss and kiss, you boys and girls!

Night, the women, where they sit,
Can no longer ce to knit,

Now, like loving fower, linking,
Work is done and sleep is blinking,

As balm on pious spirits drops,
All teated eyes, all praying lips,

And straw to beasts, to mankind beds
Of solace for their weary heads.

Good-night! and men and women cross
Arms on your brows, or lie it's that toss.

And in your dreams of white or olive,
Servants near the children you;

A peace now all your life, you trees,
Mills, and roofs, and brooks, and leas,

And rest you toiles, all, between
The woollen soft, the linen clean,

And Christs forgotten in the cold,
And Magdalenes within the fold,

And Heaven far as see the eye,
At the four corners of the sky

ANDRÉ FONTAINAS

1865 - .

HER VOICE

O voice vibrating like the song of birds,
O frail, sonorous voice wherein is well,
Laughter more bright than ring of wedding bells,
I listen to her voice more than her words.

Soul of old robes, spirit of harpsichord,
Within her voice your soft inflection dwells,
Blisses of love some instant viol felt,
Kiss snatched by lip, that swift lips turn towards.

Her voice is sweetness of chaste dreams, the scent
Of iris, cinnamon, and incense blend,
A music drunk, a folded mountain's calm :

It is within me made of living sun,
Of luminous pride and rhythmic vermillion ;
It is the purest, the most dazzling psalm.

COPHETUA.

With right arm on the open casement rim,
 The negro King Copheta, with sad mien,
 And eyes that do not see, looks at the green
 Autumnal ocean rolling under him

His less dream goes wandering without goal;
 He not one who would be passion's slave;
 And no remorse, nor memory from its grave
 May haunt the leisure of his empty soul.

He does not hear the melancholy chaunt
 Of girls who beg before him, hollow, gaunt
 With fasting, coughing in the mellow sun,

And unawares, he knows not how it came,
 He feels within his hardened heart a flame,
 And burns his eyes at the eyes of the youngest one.

DISIR'S.

WHAT does she dream, lost in her hair's cascade,
 The lonely child with flowing hands as wan
 As girlonds pale? Of the plant of days agone
 With pool of water like where she layed

On paths of chance her braid with flowers arrayed,
 And where alays welcomed her? -- And never shone
 As now her eyes her jewels braided in
 Her gowns of gold and purple and brocade.

"But she sees nothing round her. In the room
 Amber and aromatics melt the gloom,
 The dusk's hot odour through the window streams;
 As heavy as an opal's changing fires.
 Sigh in the evening mist and die desirous,
 While naked at her glass the maiden drears

ADVENTURE

"UNDER the diadem of rustling pearls,
 And sapphires in their grain of gold,
 In yellow hair that undulatingly uncurls
 Over her shoulders slow and cold,
 And purple cloak exulting with brocade,
 The Princess of the Manor's Games and Joy"

And in the jubilant noise
 Rivers of lightning flume unrolled,
 And the rich purple torch sheds its delight,
 And twists its rustling tresses in the night

"The Princess of the Manor's Joy
 Lays in a dawn of amethysts,
 Her tender visage that more sultry aches
 Than gloaming on the boughs of limes,
 With lingering smile upon her lip he lies,
 And casts a call into the evening mists

In spite of omens tragic,
 All they who wait upon her come
 To lawns where sistrum, sise, and drum
 To revelry and dancing call

O King ! like mourning is our merry-making !
 Out of our arms thou hast thyself exiled,
 And by our kisses art no more beguiled !
 Our hearts for thee are aching !
 Thou hast fled, thou hast fled,
 And in the night I use my head,
 And I call for thee with sobs, and bosom sore !
 But still our festival shall be forsaken,
 The mourning from our hearts shall not be taken,
 My finger — evermore — *
 Shall o'er thy golden velvet tresses glide ;
 My heavy arms shall nevermore thy neck enlace
 In passionate embrace
 Rich w^rth the jewel of the bracelets of my pride !

I arandoli and roundelay,
 And the mad songs of pride,
 In sudden waves over the threshold glide,
 And through the chambers sway

Thou never shalt return from unknown lands,
 O King ! The sceptre is fallen from thy hands,
 The b^ride that lulled thee in its lap
 Has stolen from thy proud, young years their sap,
 Now art thou crossing thresholds far forlorn
 Of my tears and adventures, hunting thee
 Where monsters crouch beneath the twisted tree ;
 Chimeras and the pithless unicorn
 Shall be in their fire where thou thy way wouldest grope
 And thou shalt nevermore have my ear
 To soothe thee into happy heedlessness
 Of life, and pearls of mimicry I hope.

O come back, ere it be too late !
 At evening come unto the joys that wait,

Come to the dancing and to thy Princess,
 Who cradled thee with kisses and with tenderness,
 And sweet refrains of songs
 Come to thy crown and sceptre, and the thrones
 Of them that love thee, and the memory
 Of thine ancestors shall bring back to thee
 Forgetfulness of mad adventure, in the kiss
 Of her who thy Princess and Sister is



JANET

How vain are songs! Can they be worth the hymn
 To your ecstatic eyes of mine that I swim?
 The noblest song of man no bosom sings,
 Weak are sonorous word, but conquer in
 Are ye, glances of amber and of fire,
 Lips you, and clinging kisses, how to tire
 That in my soul are scorching! Yet that due
 Leap out of longing, kisses! And you have
 Of virgin gold that glints like no midday suns!
 And marble whiteness, where, like lava, run
 Your wild blood, snow and lava! —

THE END

Your slave for ever, at your feet I die
 In sleepful spasms that the senses cloy,
 And the slow languor of the tasted joy,
 Mad with your velvets and wavy flesh
 That holds my soul and body in its mesh,
 I love you, I am poared out at your feet,
 Your hands are with lascivious justine sweet
 Your beauty blooms for me! I in my embolme
 I feel your life blowing upon my face,
 And entering into me! Your blinding eye

Thrill me with raptures of that Paradise
 Whose rubies bleed, whose yellow topizes
 Sleep in the cloth of sensuality,
 And where the boundless horizons lie
 Our Hell of luxury created round with pride.
 I love thee, though thy kisses of thy teeth,
 Immune to bite in thy red vulva sheath,
 Have the allure of Lamas that enslave
 With hives swift and cruelty snare
 Through the tides from your native Orient swim
 Inevitably are o'er peaceful lakes the slim
 Swans of your voice white in their wildering
 And subtle cents of snow, and on their wing
 Bear me towards the hope your bright eyes beam.
 Now let me lie upon your breasts and dream
 Say nothing! Let us keep in our blue bower
 Under the tabeled pleasures of the hour,
 By the night's tranquil torpor lulled and kissed
 Already you in dawn of amethyst
 Dye, the deep heavens, and the moon at rest
 Upon her soft cloud cushions hath caressed
 With urgent high the forest's idle trance,
 And starred the stream with eyes that gleam and glance!

And now the dawn is on our pillow-lude
 Your eyes - I shiver - they are haggard, wide!

LA V-SCAFF.

Dismay'd by althe portice - I calm sea-eaves,
 Heavy with the sand the morn of lucid gold,
 In the occult, slow shaking of sea waves,
 Among the alga in proud blooms anfold
 The cups of pride of silent slender gladiolos . . .

The mystery wherein dies the rhythm of the waves
 In gleams of kisses long and calm untolls,
 And the red coral wherein writhes the alga cold
 Stretches out arms that bleed with crimson flowers, and
 beholds
 Its gleams reflected in the rest of waves

Now here you stand in gardens flowered with alga cold
 In the nocturnal, distant song of waves,
 Queen whose calm, pensive look - are glaucous gladiolas
 Raising above the waves their light tiller bowls,
 Among the alga on the coral where the ocean rolls

A PROPITIOUS MEETING

PROPITIOUS dawn smiles on him wandering
 And fretful in the evil sea's deeps;
 The heavy night's long, bitter rumour deeps
 The sun's clear song makes the horizon ring

The scent of sage and thyme is as a sting
 Unto his jaded sense the wind that sweeps
 The blue sea round the promontory steps
 Freshens with hope his fate's proud blossoming

The glory of joy into his soul returns,
 And his heroic dream leaps up and burns
 Even as this dawn's far flung vermilion,

And lo! at the horizon, very calm,
 Pacing their steeds, and holding out their palm,
 The Kings he deemed dead marching in the sun

THE HOURS

The bring hour that weeps,
 And the young hour gay with sun,
 Hour after hour creeps,
 Hours after hours run
 Along the river banks.

This is an hour of dawn that vapour cloaks.
 Vapour is thread, so it would seem,
 Stretches a bridge across the stream.
 Shadow follows shadow, the mist chokes
 The water sleepy as a moat's,
 A tug smokes,
 And drops its heavy, grating chain,
 And draws it, train
 Of ghostlike boat's,
 Walls of black
 Along a hidden track
 Toward the arches blear
 Where now they disappear.

Lake sudden palms of gold,
 Thrice sunbeams glide
 To where the waters bide,
 And all above the rays in the cold
 Utter a quiver, quiver,
 With all its jow
 Of toil and noise
 Awakening in the quivering, crimson sun.

The hour is rising radiant with mirth,
 Beaming smiles down on the earth,

O festival of light !
 Here is life that smiles upon its toil,
 And with high forehead makes the night recoil
 Towards the sun in heavens bright
 With strength and with delight

Life quickens on faces
 Mad and fervent ze !
 To live ! is when the hot blood rises
 And swells the breast,
 And makes the words leap out in ready thong !
 Life is to be alone and strong,
 And master of one's fate !
 Ye floods of purple pour in glee,
 Ripen the morn, and roll meads of blood along !

The wise
 Have never lived and do not know what joys
 Are in mad battle, carnage and great noise,
 When courage with courage vies
 The wise
 Are they who when the cautious eye creeps on to night
 Exile themselves from the festival of light
 Weeping its tears of proud gold on the river
 O'er the lamp-lit bough to shiver.
 To live
 Is better, and to ring one's bell
 On the floor of a palace won by crimsoned steel,
 Or underneath a charger's hoofs to tread
 The grass of roads down trodden by the captive
 Foe who has dyed them red.

But the young hour gay with sun,
 The tiring hour that weeps,

Hour after hour creeps
Hours after hours run
Along the river banks.

Now cooler are noon's beams,
O dreams reposed with languor and with ease,
The waters creep,
O calm dreams !
Upon the moss in shade of pines, and alder-trees
The peace of fishers sleep ;
A long thread swims upon the dying stream.
In the foliage never a shiver,
The sun darts never a beam,
All is dumb.
The earth around, the meadows and the river,
And the air with sunshine numb,
And the forest with its leafy houses,
Everywhere all action drowses,
And the earth hesitates with indecision,
A smoker's vague vision

The only wisdom is to live
The hours of the river, sleeping on its slopes.
Why should we madly follow fugitive
Inclement pride and crumbling hopes
Along the precipices of the heavy night,
That swallows up all ruined light ?
No ! to live
Is to follow all the river's turnings,
Sailing one's life with dreams and yearnings,
With prow set to the Orient of oblivion,
To conquer all the sea and all the isles that smile,
That no discoverer will ever set foot on
Save he who kept desire a virgin, all the while,
O dream !

The young hour gay with sun,
 The tiring hour that weeps,
 Hour after hour creeps,
 Hours after hours run,
 Along the river banks.

AWAKE!

AWAKE!

It is a joy among hibernal hours
 To plunge into the pane the hoar-frost flowers ;
 Behold : the petals glittering on the pane
 Open their wing, that dream would follow fain.

Awake, and revel in the dawn's pure joys,
 And smile upon the time the sun becalms.
 In the bright garden, save in dream, no noise
 But a long imagined shivering, O palms !

Come, and behold my love, as ever of old,
 Make the vast silence flower lit by thy glance,
 Glad with its peaceful pinions to enfold
 Our passion soothed with rich remembrance

LIFE IS CALM

LIFE is calm,
 Even as this evening of sweet summer, now
 The bird is silent on the bough,
 That bends above the river,
 Whose reeds no longer quiver ;
 And the pacific night and wise
 Sleeps without a shudder under cloudless skies

Life is calm !
 It is your face, O sister dear,
 At happiness scarce smiling here,
 Life is your face, dear sister,
 So calm ;
 As life is and your happiness,
 Your face is cloudless, calm, and passionless.

Even the river hushes
 Between its banks, among its rushes ;
 One by the fall flowers ;
 Silent, gentle eventide,
 Life is calm where waters glide ;
 By waters where the happiness that lies
 Smiling, sister, in the tender flashing of your eyes,
 Is wondering at the waters, and the evenings, and
 the hours.

FRONTISPICE.

THE gems that ivories clip,
 And chrysoberyls puerile,
 Mingling their gleams, beguile
 The dole of the black tulip ;

The fountain weeps in the old
 Garden o'er flowers sad,
 Which by the dawn are clad
 In amethyst and in gold .

In the boxwood shadow lingers,
 In sentimental *voies*,
 The *chevalier*, and awaits
 The princess whose pale fingers

Are flowers that bring relief
Unto her languorous grief.

INVITATION.

THE ruby my vow desires,
For your beauty smiling kind
Is surely incarnadined
By a limpid mirror's fire.

Ice with the flame interchanges,
And your eyes hard with dignity
Bruise the sobbed longing to be
A bauble your hand arranges

But remember the waters yonder
Cradle the vessels that wander
To the isle in the bright future bidden

And come while the winter is dark,
To sail our adventurous bark
Madly o'er oceans forbidding.

TO THE POLE

THROUGH fogs impassable that freeze the soul,
And under torpor-laden skies of gray,
If none can ever open out a way
To the icy horror of the reachless Pole,

Yet those who died or shall die striving thither,
 In faith of victory and glory of dream,
 Have known the rapturous pride of conquest gleam,
 Brief flower of hope that never grief shall wither.

But thou, long cheated by the immutable thirst
 Of being loved, hast too, too well rehearsed
 The vanity of combats sterile all,

And dost with bitter, pitiless irony see
 Those who go following ghosts that ever flee
 Sink in the chasm where thyself didst fall.

PAUL GÉRARDY.

1870--.

SIII

She whom my heart in dream already loves
 Will und ^r childlike curl have great blue eyes ;
 Her voice will be as sweet as that of doves,
 Her skin as sun to a dream that dies.

So slender she will be among earth's daughters,
 That you will think of lilies under glass,
 Of a lily bower clinging to the sky its waters,
 Of the moon being quivering on dewy grass.

And, from her deep heart o'er her lips arising,
 Guessing what seeds of songs are in me sown,
 She will be ever humming them, disguising
 My soul with the golden gamut of her own.

And never a bitter word will come from her,
 Her eyes will always call to my excess
 Chaste as the eyes of my own mother were,
 Melting with my own mother's tenderness

IV. LOVING

I HAVE yearned for the wicked child
 With her sensual mouth's red glow
 And her restless eyes that show
 How satanic her soul is and wild

The lustful virgin, the child
 With her sickly, half fainting glow
 The sweat of novels of love,
 By which her soul is defiled

She sins in her sleep and in
 Her evil soul there is no gain,
 Impenitent is her life,
 The lust of perversity still in

I have dreamt of the virgin in my
 The fire of her hair has just kindled
 My chastity with its lure
 And my eyes with tears are strained

V. OWL

*
 THERE is a haggard flitting through the night,
 And stupid wings are wuthing through the wind
 And then afar a screeching of dull high
 Like cries of a frail conscience that has sinned

It is the shy owl of long moonless nights,
 It is the inconsolable owl who peers
 With clear eyes through clear darkness, and who
 blights
 The peace of sleep with stark foreboding fears

The inconsolable night bird weeping through
 The gloom, the spectral bird who fears the day,
 Whose pale flitting chills the dark, and who
 Fills sleep with cries that quiver with dismay.

I ut the u, poor owl, an ivie l steeple seest,
 Where th u canst hide from dawning s garish hour--
 My heart, who from the kiss of woman fleest,
 Where shalt thou find the peace of some old tower?

OF SAD JOY

I am angry with you, little girl,
 Because of your gracious smiles,
 And your restful lips, and teeth of pearl,
 And the black litter of your great eyes.

I am angry with you, but on my knees,
 For when I went away, in happy wise,
 I left from you, sir, as goes the breeze,
 I could think nothing but of your eyes.

I was徒徒 I never dared look back,
 And I went singing as marlmen do,
 To forget your eyes, black
 But my one was all about you

" SOME SONG OR OTHER.

THE song of moonlight all
 That trembles as aspens shake,
 The thrush sang it at the evenfall
 To the listening swan on the blue lake.

It is all of love and distress,
 And of joy and of love, and then
 There are sobs of gold and weariness,
 And ever comes joy back again.

Far, far away flew the thrush,
 And the swan went pondering
 All the new words, by lily and rush,
 With his head underneath his wing.

OF AUTUMN.

WHILE the moon through the heavens glides,
 With music enchanting our way,
 Come in the gladness to stray
 Of the gorgeous autumn-tides.

Now comes the wind, and lifts
 The gold of glad forests along ;
 And many a mystical song
 Along the breeze with it drifts.

This life is most gracious and dear,
 Enchanting our way as we go
 With the laughter and golden glow
 Of autumns singing clear.

ON THE SEA.

BLOW, blow thou boisterous tempest,
 Blow, bitter winds and stark ;
 The fisher, he cannot hear you,
 A-sailing in his dream-bark.

He sails to what pale daughters,
 't is what horizons dim ?
 Rage, rage ye winds and climb ye waters,
 But we are waiting for him.

We are the lovelorn maidens,
 Alone in the wearisome dark ;
 You winds and you waters that love us,
 Overturn him in his dream-bark.

IWAN GILKIN,

1858--

PSYCHOLOGY.

A SURGEON, I the souls of men dissect,
 Bending my feverish brow above their shapes,
 Perversions, sins, and vices, all their nameless
 Primitive lusts and appetites unchecked.

Upon my marble men and women spread
 Their open bellies, where I find the hidden
 Ulcers of passions filthy and forbidden,
 And probe the secret wounds of dramas dread.

Then, while my arms with scrofulous blood are dyed,
 I note in poems clear with scrupulous art
 What my keen eyes in these dark deeps descried

And if I need a subject, I am able
 To stretch myself on the dissecting table
 And drive the scalpel into my own heart

THREE CALLINGS

A dolorous fruit is the vast carnelian
 Its bursten skin and pulp too ripe and dye
 Opulently their rich rottenness
 With green gold, violet, and red phosphorus

Oozing a sickly sweet, thick cancerous juice
 Its spongy flesh melts in the mouth, and in
 Its pensive poison germinate the rank,
 Perverted sins of fever and ruined brains

So strange its spice so exquisite its taste —
 A macerated ginger in a rancid elixir,—
 I plunged my teeth in it with greedy haste

But dizziness I ate, and madness drank
 And that is why I trail a debile frame,
 With my youth dying in the husk of my strength

THE PENITENT

The penitent of critics dimmed am I
 In shameful taverns where rank liquors flow,
 And in new Sodoms viciously aglow
 Where outrage hides its lusts with murder rough,

I watch in flitting nights with mournful eye,
 And shuddering hear what monsters still we grow
 And all the crimes of men oppress me so
 I call for vengeance to the angered sky.

Wretched as projectiles went in Holy Writ,
 I walk with haggard cheek in public places,
 Confessing sins that I do not commit

And the Thurses cry out with upturned faces:
 "I think thee God that I am not as this
 Infamous poet by thy judgment is!"

"IT I RITIS SICUT DII"

SICK Artist, from the world around thee shrinking
 To nurse the high ideal of thine Art,
 Give thou no place to Nature in thy thinking,
 That scolish, fertile slut obscene and stinking—
 To the Artificial consecrate thy heart.

In spite of reed pipes and loud songs of marriage,
 Be thou remote, Reality desert,
 The blood and flesh of women proud of carriage,
 The flabby flesh of women thou disparage,
 Deny their beauty which is only dirt.

Are thy tired spirit and thy parched mouth aching
 For the cooling, carnal draught of their caress?
 This is a thirst that thou must best be slaking,
 Swooning among thy limp lit bottles, breaking
 The odorous seals of drunken dizziness.

Dream drunk with rum, whose tropic heated spices
 Ferment into a scented wine that burns,
 Thy subtle spirit in voluptuous vices
 With negro women whose smooth flesh entices
 Thy lubric hand to their anointed lions

Drink kirsch, as turbulent as cascades shattered
 By forests where the maidens bathe their feet,
 Musked marischino, sucked by mouths pomaded
 In the sick air of brothels, when braided
 By those who quench it on the yielding seat,

And, hypocrite with ice one cannot sunder
 Out of his flame, drink kummel, whose bright feast
 Of boreal snow masked fire evokes the wonder
 Of roses under snow, O roses under
 Archangel heavens women of the West

And, for its green of bin lace I tingled fineries,
 Drink absinthe, which shall punct to thee
 Those forests where the fairy Vivien dances,
 And the sage Merlin with her feet entrances
 In the hoarse brushwood by the bitter sea

Then to thy reeling brain shall dreams come sailing,
 Upon the calm bed where thy body sink,
 And thou shalt see dissolve in shallows sailing,
 All earthly things around thee, sailing, sailing,
 While brighter surge the visions rank on rank

Behold! Among the wan blue vapours, steaming
 Before the scented, sounding sunrise, flows
 A belt of glaciers whose thin peaks of uttering
 Mirrored upon an azure lake are gleaming
 In the tropic valley guarded by their snows

The leaves of mangoes, palms, and fig trees sighing
 Are wasting coolness over the billowing grass,
 Where, garlanded like flowers, are women lying,
 Bathing their lily limbs, beneath the flying
 Jewels of sylvan humming birds that pass.

And a cascade of dazzling nakednesses
 Fall from the peaks of glaciers in shoals,
 And every following body holds and presses
 The one that went before, holds and caresses;
 A living stream of beauty rolls and rolls

Arms, loins, and thighs are linked and intertwining,
 Lightnings are laying on a vaporous mesh
 Of luminous hair and supple limbs combining,
 And from the losty peaks of glaciers shining
 For ever falling the new waves of flesh

Drink every drop of this pure wine, and waste
 In thine emprise, all these limbs unreal
 Lie in thy bed of snow, and, undebised,
 Enjoy all flesh in thine own flesh, and taste
 The monstrous joy of soiling the Ideal

VENGEANCE.

WOMAN with heart stabb'd by a hidden wrong,
 Whose vengeful fingers, round, and trying long,
 Have strangled thy naked lover in his sleep,
 Down to the bed, where now his wild eyes weep,
 Their scalding tears like vitriol, and stare
 On broken furniture and carpets where
 Weapons, clothes, flowers are in mad medley cast,

In sheets still with his kisses warm, thou hast
 To soldiers prostituted thee, and spent
 Their vigour with thy body's vehemment
 Surging of spasms quivering under them;
 But what thought, like a hideous druid
 Of thorns, hath rent thy forehead, when the third,
 His white flesh scarcely sted, having heard
 Thy lustful moaning till his heart grew sick,
 Looked, as a bitch looks beaten with a stick,
 To the black, frantic face of thy betrayer,
 And asked with plaintive murmur Shall I try her?

THE SONG OF THE JOKERS

O FRENZIED forges with your noise and blaring,
 Red, reeking fires that comb lishenelle skies,
 Your hollow rumbling is like stifled swearing,
 And the grissed earth all in your burns and dice

When blind, mad man, intent on gain and plunder,
 Thinks he is master's master in your way
 Lugubriously rolls a hollow thunder,
 That says, We serve all like, without a flaw,

The chains from which thou hast not wit to save thee,
 O foolish man! we never link by link
 The shackles which for ever shall enslave thee
 Sweat, pant, and fill the furnace to the brim,

Throw in the coal, and pour the crackling casting
 Through the cut sand, beat, and th' pig to shape,
 Temper the sword sheet, deck and rig with mastling
 The tyrant ships that sweep the sea with grape,

Crowd with machines, the hamlet and the haven,
 To prison thee more deep than dungeons held
 In durance making thee a proper craven
 Stupid humanity ! w' weld and weld

With the vile till human beyond reclaiming,
 And imbecility, and discontent,
 Murder and hate that sets the nation flaming,
 Flog, revolt and heavy punishment

We forge the fate of every generation,
 We crush the father and the child as well,
 Spitting at heavens that shake with consternation &
 The soot and coal of our relentless hell !

See ! to the trunk's flue of skies upcurling
 Our towering chimneys belched polluted breath,
 Above the white and ruined lands unsurfing
 Their still flags of slavery and death !

IILKMAI IIKODITF

Kosy and naked pure as a flower divine,
 The mystic being of first ries sleeps,
 Stretched in the grass like a bough of eglantine,
 In the flowery clearing in the forest deeps.

Upon his folded arm he rests his head,
 The sleeping kisses of the un repose
 Upon his delicate body softly spread,
 And shimmer from his shoulders to his toes.

And near him, with a murmur as of bees,
Runs the clear brook through grass and lily flowers,
Under the fig trees' laden boughs, and flees,
Winding along the tingled secret bowers.

“Sorcery of the flesh! A sphinx above thee
Calls the thrilled senses to resolve desires!
With shame and terror trouble all who love thee
And they who see thee burn with the usind fire

Seeing thy more than human loveliness
Women and youths their envious glances dart,
They sigh with lowered eyes, and weep, and press
Sometimes their hand upon their maddened heart

“Where is the heavenly goddess so they cry,
Whose loveliness can match thy perfect frame?
And what young god, all sun and spring, can vie
With all this freshness blent with tender flame?

“To drink madly on one month the kisses
Of Erotes and Adonis both,
And, trembling, to discover all I bent blisses
In the same frame to no perversions I th’

“First had left Margaret for thee, and lewd
Anacreon had never lost a day in
Bathyllus, Sappho would not have pursued
In her escape Eriuna, no nor I know

“Under thy foot earth Ippel with pallid flame
Trembles, and all the flowers die where it hovers
Men clasp no more the woman, and hot flames
Unclasp their arms no more around young lover

O last ideal of decaying races,
Mortal revealer of last beauty, thy
Lions poured lavishly in thine embraces
Have made the ancient cities rot and die.

And now to earth the world, which encloses
Under thy feet is won thy piles the day's;
And poets mad with music and with roses,
I will sing with chants of glory, love, and praise.

Sweet love, most sweet to us thy sweetest blisses!
We lie upon thy conqueror's feet,
While, in thy way didst thou pass, thy kisses
Gather earth and my heart's beat.

THREE DAYS OF YORK

I HAVE inhaled love like a garland spent
With morning dew and fragrance with a scent
That at my lips is fluttering over it,
As butterflies of silk and velvet fit

And savoured it like a fruit from the South,
Whose lustre I still melts slowly in the mouth.

And, cups of sipp'd hire effervescent bright,
Blue eyes have made me drunk with spring's delight,
And, ruby cups brimmed with a blood that seethed,
Lips have a distress upon me breathed.

— I call over the past years of memory!
And now, thou deep sweet night envelop me,
In thy warm windings sheet my heart enfold,
To sleep alone, and motionless, and cold.

VALÈRE GILLE

1867—.

ART

WHAT use is action? We have thought until
 The world is but the shadow of our dreams
 What if the sap in all the gardens teems,
 Sunk back upon itself is our limp will

The mind has ravaged space, and we are ill
 With what we know, yet knowledge only seems,
 Upon life's verge a net of cheating gleams,
 And my possessions leave me tired and chill

But thou alone, O torch of sacred Art,
 With first, primeval beauty warm the heart,
 And flash thy multiple glimpses of the Ideal.

And thou, O Poet, make lost I den shine
 Within us, and behind the seeming veil
 Show us the essences of things divine

THERMOPYL

The sombre gorge is only lighted by
 The bucklers on the beeches. Near their chief
 The warriors, with no fear and with no grief,
 Await their fate. And now the drawn is nigh.

To morrow Greece shall mourn them they ~~must~~ die.
The priests have read the auguries like a ~~leath~~
Hydarnes with the footstep of a thief,
Slinks with his traitor where the shadows lie.

So be it Under arrows showering thick
By shadows shielded they will fight, beneath
The owl winging toils, with pike and teeth.

And when the word breaks they will grip the ~~stage~~
They share a few sips for their breakfast, right
Calmly They with Pluto sup to night

A NAVAL BATTLE.

THEIR fleets rush headlong o'er the sea, and look
In a loud, long impat'c deafening the ear;
The hissing arrows make the heavens bleat,
The heavy war's-ware clashing shock on shock.

Ares is with us, driving like a flock
The Leis in shu's which, when they staggering went,
The rostrum pierces till, in mad career,
They crowd the shore and shatter on the rocks.

The dusk climbs, but the most illustrious
The coward, and thrust from every ~~way~~ ^{way} to ~~place~~ ^{place}
But now the moon breaks through the clouds and shows

Our native land kissed by its tender ray,
The glittering summits and the silvered bay,
And the free sea flowered with corpses.

ALBERT GIRAUD

1860 .

THE TRIBUNIS

When people have had masters who e strong faces,
 Charged with imperious will, their masters cowed,
 Who spoke with regal voices ringing low !
 To draw out of their sleep lethargic races

The word they cast down from the mulct places
 In the four winds of Heaven vibrated proud
 With bitter love and majesty unbowed,
 Striving to make of cities desert spaces

The crowd remember yet their magic names,
 And echo them with thundrous acclums
 Of welcome to the coming victory

The legendary marble where they stand
 Rises on history's threshold, and their hand
 Wrathfully sways the billowing days to be

CORDOVANS

Yer leather red with autumn's, victory's dyes !
 In some old oratory's night you blaze,
 Where sleeps the heavy splendour of dead days,
 Your with your hues of epic, evening skies
 Warlikeous as fiery meres of gold,
 The dream of those who trailed their swords, and bowed

Above your cushions stamped with wafers proud
 Their gashed, tanned faces in the days of old,
 With an odour of adventure in their capes.
 Red leathers whom the peace of hangings drapes,
 You are like tragic sunsets, worn were ye
 By legendary heroes, who enriched
 The Kings they served, and all the world bewitched,
 And who upon a copper, kindled sea,
 You Cordovans dyed deep with war and pride,
 Embarked in summer cool of Centide !
 You are the ericul with gathered lives ;
 Of new Americas you guard the gleams,
 You sunk in dizzied and vermilion dreams,
 In you the soul of ancient suns survives !

I LORISE.

RICHLY mature, upon the bed of joy
 Strown with crushed flowers, Florise bends lovingly
 Her heavy lidded great eyes over the boy
 Whom she has made man ere his puberty. ~

Fair as a sunset thit on to us fingers,
 Sweet as the wind in the blue trees.
 With gratitude he fondles the deft fingers ~
 That guided him into love's mysteries. ~

Heavy with glad living in their senses thus
 Dream, but breaking off from amorous
 Limbrace, as though a cold she would withdraw,
 She feels her heart within her pale, and presses
 Her face up on the pillow, for she guesses
 Her too young lover sees her growing old.

HILCATL

THE moon has a kiss that clings
 Like those of cold women whom
 Minions with fertile womb
 Drive from the bed of kings.

She weeps her white distress
 On spires, and lies a sheet
 Of suppliant light at the feet
 Of crosses pitiless.

But breaks her prayer, which is vain,
 And raises herself again
 In pale and baren pride,

And casts, with the cruel glance
 Of her lidless eye, far and wide
 Hysterical radiance.

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE PORGIAS

IN the gilt palace where young love girls show
 Like bunches of gold, when their is crest,
 In a soft room with burning, impure decked
 The conclave send illumines a golden low

Near pages who their yellow hair has smoothed
 And whom the evening's kisses feminize,
 Sit, red as lava in their gorgeous dyes,
 The Roman Cardinal, by music soothed

They worship flesh and the unnatural, thinned
 Voices of eunuchs quiver over their napes
 With a thrill of pleasure like the lust of rapers,

 All in a gale hissivel in the wind,
 In the fainting sky night of porches,
 Their manes of re like wilfully streaming torches.

ASSOKITION

WOMAN my love a to her thing clings
 To thee whose transparent eyes are pools of night,
 Liquid in lassitude where is no light
 Save the lucido of perished things.

I y a little hair, so ultray unlso fresh,
 When I untie it follows over thy shape
 Like evening's half wearied landscape,
 And lowly ean the whiteness of thy flesh

The yiff his of thy rich maled mouth
 Fall with n imjule lown, and with no sound,
 As ripe fruit fall heavy to the ground,
 In the silence of the autumn's drought.

As into water I do cast in thee
 And I am still quickly thy breasts,
 Which are as white as bill w foamy crests,
 And have at thy iuthing like the sea.

By the wall is all old liturgies,
 It stand with royal rhythm in broad veres,
 And with grave grace before in ne eyes rehearses,
 All the Gregorian chant's solemnities.

O save me from my murderous dreams, thou bright
 Bosom of silence, mouth that saves the sense,
 Urn of oblivion, pillow of indifference,
 Annihilate me in thy bosom's night!

My weakness by thy savorous strength I nursed,
 And in thy gaping love absorbing me
 I taste the time when ill I am shall be
 In nature's vast and flowered corpse dispersed

THE YOUTH AMONG THE LILIES

In the voluptuous Room of Lilies more
 As a deaf ear by the unheeded thy shade
 Of vinous tapestry wherein ferment,
 The sunset, drunk with Church and censor cents
 The dying Dauphin, with his weeping slow
 Eyes, sees at his feet the crimson snow
 Of the bushed carpet, and the cruel's slit
 Sifting a trembling glimmer on to it
 Of lying llaes and of lying rose,
 And the pale youth his heavy lids uncloses
 And sees upon the heaven's crimson rim
 Women whose listed breasts call unto him

RESIGNATION

I HAVE fought against my self, I have died in pain,
 Writhed breathless in my wounded spirit's night,
 And with my life in rags, a pitous sight,
 I come out of the Hell which is my brain.

I know full well to day, my dream was mad ;
 My love of autumn was a crime, no doubt ;
 And like a nail I tear the yearning out
 That my too simple heart for childhood had.

My cross ! Lince in my side ! I bring to you
 This verse like Christ in evenings white and calm,
 When the sovrin palpitation of the palm
 Hover against the heaven shimmering blue ;

This verse wherinto all my grief shall pass,
 Verse of a man resigned, misunderstood,
 Verse into which my love must shed its blood,
 Long bleeding like a sunset on stained glass.

VOICES

Voice of my weeping blood, voices you of my flesh,
 My pining, frantic flesh O pensive voices,
 Louder than when a urging crowd rejoices,
 Hush ! lest the dear, dear first should bloom afresh !

Be silent, you long voices ! Memory closes
 On velvet voices, voices of the old
 That dreamt in her boughs and sing in her voice of gold ;
 Voice of the voices fresh and mossy voices,

Be silent ! Hush my sorrow and my shame !
 Into my heart silence and winter came
 Silence is snowing into my heart dark vast.

Snow, snow, O silence! Spread your cool above
 Hell's roses, cover up their fires at last,
 And in the shadow slain my only love

VICTOR KINON

1873-

THE RESURRECTION OF DKLAMS.

IT is as warm as when the lilacs scent
 Is with the fragrance of my, a lily bent,
 When you can hear the seed crack in the ground,
 When first your face and hair is the summer browned,
 When every now and then in heavy dray
 The rain begins, and all a lily bent
 Slate and rust clouds velvety on the grass
 Their bulk o'er the green and nibbled grass
 Of fields that bellow to you in jangled woods,
 Which, through bronzed cloud, a sheet of sunbeams
 floods.

Sweating, I climb the slope where, like a long
 White ribbon, runs the brook and sing his song
 A noisy cock pursues a clucking hen
 A sparrow flies with bits of hay. And then
 Such is the silence you can hear from far,
 Where the red roof tiles of the village are,
 The heavy, steady humming of the bees
 (Can there be blossoms on the willow trees?)

Here is the wood —Pile with surprise you see
 The ardent silence and the mystery
 Whose sap swells in the branches which it studs
 With downy catkins and with ticky buds.

Under the elm tree violentous shade
 The fresh leaves have shewed the glade;
 The larger growth lutes in a twin hill light;
 The air crackles with whizard flight;
 And there, where on the hazel bough is poured
 A ray of sunshine bright like a sword,
 A trembling cloud of yellow pollen rises.

An I now mysteri us, with my heart surprised,
 With words and cries of love and tenderness,
 An I am intoxicat^{ed} glow and stress,
 Because the sun, with legendary dyes,
 The white of snow and blue of paradise,
 And tender green of leaves all dewy sprent,
 With nightingale, and honey-suckle's scent,
 And chisel hingin heavily from blue
 Lilies, wet with rosy diamonds too,
 With the clear cry tal and mad pearls that gush
 Out of the beak of quail and purring thrush,
 All the divine, forgotten spring reminds
 My heart of nectar where the pathway winds.
 I love! My heart is full of flowers and birds;
 I shall break out in ecstacy of word
 I lov^e —I ut whom? I care not whom, nor how!
 I love, with all my blood in frenzy now,
 And all the sighs that heave my breast, the maid
 Who smiling comes beneath her cool sunshade,

MIDNIGHT.

The earth is black with trees of velvet under
 A low sky laden with great clouds of thunder
 The gnomes of midnight haunt the dark, whose ears,
 With luxury veiled, hear it is a 'lief in hours
 One is uneasy in one's tislin' shirts,
 And so uneasily the poor heart beats
 That bathed in sweat, at last you leave your bed,
 And as in dream about the chamber tread.
 You throw the window open. Not a sound
 Surely the wind is swooning on the ground,
 And listening to some holy, mystic truth
 Preaching in the entrails of the earth
 You listen, earnest, to your heart's loud shock
 Beating with pained pulsations like a clock
 Then to the window all you pull a chain,
 And watch the clouds, weeping down the helpless sur
 Over the gardens whence, in sick perfumes,
 Exudes the sweet odors of trees and wild red blooms

HIDING FROM THE WORLD.

Shall not our love be like the violet, Sweet?
 And open in the dewy, dustless air
 Its dainty chalice with blue petals, where
 The shade of bushes makes a shy retreat?
 And we will share our daily happiness
 By joining hearts, lips, brows in rapt distress
 Far from the world, its noises and content
 Shall we not hide our modest love between
 Trees wasting cool on flowers and grasses green?

THE GUST OF WIND.

I CLOSED my window, lit my lamp, reclined
My temple on my hand, and sadly thought :
" Now let me read, and dream, and rest my mind
But, O my God, my heart is so distraught !
Yet, let me read." It was a traveller's book.

O sailing on broad rivers, on whose shore
Are babbles and mangroves, while the song
Of curious birds wafts with the ship along,
Together with the tiger's grating roar. . . .

A sudden gust of wind the window shook,
Followed afar off by continued whining.

I throw the window open wide, to look
Into the night, and see, with white teeth shining,
In mocking grin, Death pass upon a steed
With yellow teeth, making its wet flanks bleed
With spurs of bone, and in the wind its mane
Tossing, together with his winding-sheet ;
See Death, while all the trees moan out in pain,
Race under clouds lit by a livid sheet,
And brandishing above him his bright scythe !

Afar, Italian poplars curve their slim
And parallel trunks beneath the wind of him,
Dishevelled willows in the shadow writhes,
And the earth, looking at the monster, pants.

Now he is swallowed by the raucous squall,
Long I stand gazing at the rise and fall

Of foliage broken by a rending sob,
 When suddenly the wind, with hollow throb,—
 Languidous present from the bower!—heaves
 Into the room a flight of withered leaves

THE SITTING-ON

The stainless snow in the blit
 Lat by a pure cold star
 Nearly meet but stir
 Of ice separates the tw

A rime frosted, blid in new nod,
 Raising, as waves roll f um,
 Its lances toothed like a comb,
 Dams the horizon blid

In the tomb of blit in white
 Nothing stirs save a crow,
 Unfolding solemnly low
 Its silky wing black in light

CHARLES VAN LERBERGHE

1861-1907

ERRANT SYMPLICITY

From some unknown horizon,
 Wafted from far away,
 Fraternal sympathy flies on
 The scented breath of the May

Now dreamers in cloudland turrets,
 And maidens ripe with the time,
 Up the white steps of their spirits
 Feel love's invisible climb.

They know not from what glances,
 In the pensive peace of the hour,
 There are unknown lips in their fancies,
 Opening with theirs in flower.

So keen and kind the bliss is,
 That their foreheads, younger made,
 By these intangible kisses,
 Guard dreams that never fade.

THE GARDEN INCLOSED

Fulcite me flavore

DEAR is thy bandage, Love,
 To my heavy lids that it closes,
 It weighs like the sweet burden
 Sunshine on frail, white roses.

I walk as to voices that call,
 I stem over waters to hover,
 And every wave, like a lover,
 Folds round my feet as they fall.

Who has unloosened my tresses,
 As through the dark places I came,
 Girdled with unseen caresses,
 I plunge into billows of flame.

My lips, where my soul is crooning
 Open in rapt desire,
 Like a burning blossom swooning
 Over a river in

Dorm m um i, u u

My hands lie for my breast to soothe,
 Of playing and of delights tired,
 My white hands, my hands desired,
 Asleep on waters smooth

From futile, waste repining,
 This my beauty's throne,
 Calm, gentle Queen reclining,
 My royal hands dream of their own

And while mine eyes are closed, and still is
 The golden hair my breast that robes,
 I am the virgin holding lilies
 I am the infant holding glo

Sz / oññz z zññ

In mulberry time they sing my lips that yield
 Keen caresses,
 And like the rain upon the summer field,
 My long, warm tress

In time of vintaging they sing mine eyes,
 Mine eyes half closed,
 Veiled by tired lids and lashes unposed,
 Like autumn skies.

I have all gleams and savours, I am supple
 As a bindweed in hedgegrow bowers,
 My breasts are curved & flane are, or a couple
 Of silver flowers

... I did this night, mihi.

With thou dost plumb into mine eyes thing eyes
 I all within min eyes

When thy mou h unties my mouth,
 My love is nothing save my mouth.

When thy fingers lightly touch my hair,
 I am not if it be not there

When they touch my breasts at any time,
 Like a sudden fire to them I climb

I it this which is to thee most dear?
 Here my soul is, all my life is here

In the sunne of whit roses
She sit dream first,
And her hat is burnifull as though ~~all~~ ^{all} were
were glass &

The gloom d sun, the sun excesses,
She ha e antler her thou,
On the old Spair e is opening one of bl

A last faint - a streaks on the darkening shore,
A voice that angu lous is murmuring,
A murmuring breath is breathing - now no more.

In the silence petals fall

The angel of the morning star came down
Into her garden, and he spake to her

"Come with me, I will show thee many a lake,
Valleys delightful, secret from flowers,
Where still, in other dreams than ours,
The subtle spirits walk
Of the earth"

She stretched her arms, with laughter
Looking between her lashes on
The angel flaming in the sun,
And, when he moved, in silence followed after

And while they wandered to the groves of shade,
The Angel round her laid
His arm, and set
Among her bright hair longer than his wings,
The flowers he gathered dewy wet
Upon the branches over her

THE TEMPTATION

*Shapes that couett
Glisterning & bright
D. C. L. 1881*

A SILENCE softened the declining day
A moon, and then a lonesome died away
Apples were falling one by one between
The grasses warm and shadows emerald green

The unbank down from branch to branch ; A bird
 Singing among the stirless leaves was heard,
 A scent of soft and swooning blossoms strayed
 Like a slow swine, through the deepening shade.

And I hear later her who comes, with bent
 Eye as in dream and heart to meet her sent,
 By paths where never sound the silence jars,

Voluptuous evening, in the heated air,
 With hand full and accomplice care,
 Sprad the inhuman net of oblique stars.

ART THOU WAKING?

Art thou walking, my perfume sunny,
 My perfume of gilded leaves,
 Art thou floating along the breeze,
 My perfume of sweet honey ?

In the hush of the gloam, when my feet
 Ram through the rich garden glades,
 Dost thou tell I am coming, thou
 Of my lilacs, and my warm roses ?

Am I not like in the gloam a
 Cluster of fruit cones led
 By the leaves and by nothing
 Save in the night its aroma ?

Does he know now the hour is dim,
 That I am half setting my hair,
 Does he know that it scents the air
 Does its odor reach to him ?

Does he feel I am straining my arms?
 And that the lilies of my valleys
 Are dewy with passion balm
 That for his touching tarries?

WALL OF WHITE AND OF GOLD.

Wall of white and of gold
 Are the pinions of my angels,
 But Love
 Hath pinions changing

His sweet wings are turn by turn
 The colour of purple and roses,
 And the crimson where undol'd
 The kiss of the sun

The beautiful wings of my angel
 Are very slow,
 And open cl^{ed}

But the agile wings of Love
 Are impatient,
 And like hearts never rest

THE RAIN

The rain, my sister dear
 The summer rain with wild cl^{ed}
 Gently sleek, gently slick,
 Through the moist atmosphere

Her collar of white pearls
 Has come und one in the skies.
 Blackbirds sing with all your might,
 Dance magpies !
 Among the branches downward pressed,
 Dance flowers since every nest,
 All that come from the skies is best

To my mouth she appropaches
 I a wet lips of strawberries wild ;
 She has touched me with a mouth that ~~smiled~~,
 I everywhere at once,
 With her millions of little fingers.

On a lawn
 Of sounding fl wers,
 From the dawn to the evening hours,
 And from the evening to the dawn,
 She runs and rains again,
 She rains with might and mun

Then the man with golden hair
 Dries the blue
 Feet of the run

AT SUNSET

At sunset,
 Swans of jet
 Or furies sombre
 Come out of the flowers, and things ~~and~~ us
 These are our shadows

They advance : the day retreats.
Into the dusk they go,
With a gliding movement slow.
They gather, to each other call,
Seek with noiseless footfall,
And together all
With their wings so light
Make the great night.

But the dawn in the sea
Awakes and takes
His torch, then he
Climbs gleam by gleam,
Climbs in a dream
Out of the waves arise
His tresses fair,
And blue eyes.

At once, as they were blown
Away, the shadows flee.
Where ? Who can see ?
Into the earth ? Into the sea ?
Into a flower ? Into a stone ?
Into us ?
Who knows ?
Their wings they close,
And now repose.
It is the morn

A BARQUE OF GOLD.

IN a barque of the Orient
Maidens three are coming back,
Maidens three from the Orient
Are coming in a barque of gold.

One is black,
Her hands the rudder hold
On her curving lips with their essences
She brings to us strange stories,
In the silence

One is brown,
She holds the full sail down,
And in her feet are wings
An angel's mien to us she brings,
In her motionless bearing

But one is fair,
At the prow she is sleeping,
As from the rising sun her hair
The wave is sweeping,
She brings us back in her eyes so bright
All the light

I LIES THAT STIN

Now in this April morning sweet
With foliage shades and doves cooing
The dear child with her silly conceit
What is she but doing?

The blonde trice where her footsteps go
Is lost in the grated garden's alleys,
I do not know, I do not know
The meaning of her cunning sallies.

With a long gown down to her heel,
Pensive and slow, with a silent gesture
Upon the sun at a white wheel
She is spinning a blue linen vesture

And with blue eyes of celestial bliss
Smiling at her dream that glances
Leaving golden fringes
Among the lilies of her fancie

GREGOIRE LE ROY

1862-

THE SISTER LAST

The old woman in and her wheel
Is prattling of old old things
As though to a child she sings
And memories over her teal

The hemp is yellow and long,
The old woman pins the thread,
Bending her white, wavy hair
Over the wheel singing on

The wheel goes round with a swirl,
The yellow hemp is in woe
She turns it round and round
She is playing like a girl

The yellow hemp is unwound,
 She sees herself a girl,
 As blonde as the skins that whirl,
 She is dancing round and round

The wheel rolls round with a whirr,
 And the hemp is humming as well,
 She hears an old lover tell
 A whisper his love for her

Her tired hands rest above
 The wheel, its spinning is done,
 And with the hemp are spun
 Her memories of love

13

ROUNDEL OF OLD WOMEN.

Little old women, my thoughts,
 The snow falls from the vast,
 Death and uncertainty pulls
 All the things of the past

Why is my heart so chill
 Under the skies so vast,
 In these winter that last and last,
 These winters calm and still?

You little old women who glean
 Mice a benefit of your past,
 Of your reeds snapped by the blast,
 And of all your barren dreams

All that your sorrow remembers,
 Burn it like dry brushwood,
 And sit and warm your blood
 Over the dying embers

And mumble in your malediction
 Of the happy days of your youth,
 And empty with fancies of youth
 The spindles of thine recollection

And when the cattle is down
 With the weeping of the night,
 One of you will light,
 Like a shivered, smoky lump,

—Oh! why must I weep and perish,
 And nothing nothing forget? —
 The best of memories yet,
 The memory of Henry you cherish

HANDS

Glued like the eyes of a thief
 At my heart's window pane, gazing in,
 Were two pale hands, hands of grief,
 Hands as of Death, bone and skin

I shivered to see them stule,
 Weird is the moon in the bough,
 Lifting to me their despair,
 As the hands of the damned might do

And He of those desolate hands,
Who was my visitor grim?
Death in my threshold stands,
Since I gazed on the hands of Him

It was not a blessing they had,
Curt of truth were they,
For I have longed to be deaf,
Since I saw their ghastly way

For the wine of my loving is sour,
And full of tears and of harm,
And it devours the bread of the hour
That is signed with their fatal charm

Hands of lions! Hands of despair!
Ghosts of virgins of gloom!
You have shone in my house as a pair
Of candles all these illume!

I have seen Hope close her door,
And my mourning is watching Death,
While the North wind is blowing o'er
My candle dead in His breath.

MY EYES

Poor eyes, you lamps that are failing!
How little remains of your glow?
The scorching night is veiling
The things of the here-below.

Or is your gathering glooming
Indifference alone?
O eyes that once went roving
To Beauty and the unknown!

You sink your lids like a curtain,
When love goes by, a flame,
You know your sorrow is certain,
And age to you is shame.

And yet, my heart's but a prusing,
O flameless lumps, is for you,
Through you my first gazing,
First saw, and felt, and knew!

You showed me the mountainous sea, with
The sea and the stars all we,
And all that my life is deep with
My child and death, and I

MY HANDS

My poor hands, so wan and faded,
Agile once as a bird,
My rhythms of speech you aided,
And by my briny wave stoned!

My poor wrinkled hands, like two
Old women worn and wizened
My thoughts run on, but you
In listlessness are prisoned

Yet I bless you, my friends, now that strife
 Is done, and the heart reposes,
 You taught me the touch of roses,
 And the quietness of life

All the hand you touched, hand of brothers!
 And I know well indeed it is
 A faithful hand from the
 I carry always in my soul

SILENCES

THERE is an age, and age and hour obscure,
 When man, weary of adventurous dreams,
 Turns from the far horizon's lure
 His eyes to scan the Inn of Good Repose
 Then simple thoughts and full,
 Like an eager humble servant, full,
 With delicate cares discreet
 Full infinite regrets to sleep
 And I abide in the heart once more
 The fire of memories of the yore,
 And from the hearth drive his importunate,
 That none may one may steal within the great
 Silences

The silence of our memories
 Whereon already fall the snow of years,
 I love a silence whose abandoned court
 No tender hand makes to loom,
 Silence of hopes long a king, which
 Have died like beggars in the ditch,
 Silence of faith, whose torch has been put out
 By life and doubt

These silences our brothers, in they glist,
 Like white monks' robes, tern,
 And sit down, without failing, at our side
 Then we with Truth's burn
 Ere they had come we saw but of the world
 Its flowers and orchards return our eve
 But, when they entered in, out of their souls
 Explored, together with our throbbit, the night
 One of life's secrets each of them reveal,
 One of fate's shadows each of them dispel,
 And they can tell us whether we have walked
 Along the road where God's hand pointed
 Our friends, our children, in whose life seemed bound
 Together with our own most intricately
 We seemed far, alone in the circuit light
 Waged with Infinity, and I in Death
 We thought that their hand which our hands have
 clasped,
 And the long gazing of our eyes in theirs
 And that our voices uttering in thought,
 And all our common hopes in itself unit,
 And all the evenings lived beneath one lamp,
 And all those hours upon one bed it told,
 The self-same clock of destiny —
 Sealed our converging fates in evermore!
 Now suddenly we are alone, so far
 From life that we can in the vast expnse
 That separates us and divide us all
 These pure child's eyes, the beautiful fondled hands,
 These young Intertwined like woven flowers,
 Have touched, perhaps, and recognized each other,
 But like to friends, or strangers almost, who
 To-morrow will resume their separate way
 And then that silence from us so removes
 The love of love for which our enses longed,

Lo, in the universe our soul is lost !
 The child of our own blood, who, piously,
 Some last, last night will come to close our eyes,
 How he is one, his fate how otherwise
 Than ours, how removed and how alone !
 He enters life ! He is no more our own !

Thus shall they go towards the call,
 Ill, lonely and despised of all,
 Naked as is the earth the eternal hour !
 And, even our heart as a temple with no god,
 And closed our soul to every new delight,
 I mpty our hands, until in our eyes no light,
 We shall make question of ourselves. What tie
 Unites this lowest, lamentable thing
 We are to Immortality ?

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

1862- -.

THE HOTHOUSE

O hothouse in the forest depths !
 And your doors are ever closed !
 And still there is beauty in your dome !
 And under my soul is your analog

The thoughts of a princess who is hungry,
 The weariness of a sailor in the desert,
 A brass bind at the windows of incurables.

Go to the warmest corners !
 You think of a woman fanned on a day of harvest,
 There are postillions in the winter of the hospital
 As far goes by a hunter of all I become a nurse

Look around in the moonlight !
 (O nothing here is in its place !)
 You think of a mad woman in her judgment,
 A man-of-war at full sail in a gale
 Birds of night on lilies,
 A knell at noon,
 (Down you lie under the bell glasses !)
 A halting piece of sick man in the mudhalls,
 An odour of ether isunny day

My God ! my God ! who shall we have the sun,
 And the snow and the wind in the hothouse !

ORISON

Pity my absence in
 The threshold of my will !
 My soul is helpless within,
 With white incision ill

No tasks abandoned stand
 My soul with longing pale
 Over shut things its tired hands,
 Tremble without avail

And while my heart breathes out
 Bubbles of like dreams,
 My soul is wasted about
 In a wax moon's watery gleam ,

In a moonlight where glimmer the lorn
 Like flocks in rows,
 A moonlight where nothing is born
 But it hangs in the shadow of sorrow.

HOT HOUSE OF WEARINESS

O weariness blue in the breast !
 Wedding the better sight,
 In the weeping, win moonlight,
 O my blue beams with languor oppressed !

This weariness blue evermore,
 Where through the deep windows
 A in the house are seen,
 With me in an with glass covered o'er.

The mighty forest, undying
 Whose nightly forgetfulness,
 Like a dream motionless,
 On the roses of passion is lying ;

Where rises a slow water beam,
 Mingling the moon and the sky,
 In a blurous, eternal sigh,
 Monotonous as a dream

DARK OFFLING

I bring my poor work, which
 Is like the dream of the dead,
 And the moon on the fauna rich
 Of my remorse is shed

With swords my wishes crowned,
 Violet snakes that it creep
 Through my dreams in land in my sleep,
 Laops in sunshine drowned

Lakes in far water green,
 Closed hands that never shall open,
 Red stems of hatred between
 Sorrows of love without hope

Pity the song, Let me go!
 And let my sad prayer rise
 While the scatter'd moon on the land
 Keeps night at the rim of the sky

THE THREE VILLAGES

Under the blue cry till I fall
 Of my reveries tired and ill
 My griefs, intangible
 Grow gradually still

Elements of symbols thr' again
 Lilies of pleasures of old
 The slow palms of my longing
 Bind weeds oft, m'ses cold

Adorned in the centre of them,
 One rigid lily leaves
 Its frail and pallid stem
 Over the dolorous leaves

And in the gleams that it pours,
 Like a gradual moon towards the bare
 Blue crystal heaven pours
 Its mystical white prayer

SOUL

My soul
 O my soul no shelter verily!
 And the clouds / my leisure in a hot house!
 Waiting for a tempest on the meadows!

Let us go to the meet / verily patients!
 They have strange exhalations
 In the middle of them I cross a battlefield with my
 mother
 They are burying a full in consequence noon,
 While the sentinel are eating their repast

Let us go also to the weakest
 They have strong peripartitions!
 Here is a sick bride,
 Treason on the Sunday,
 And little children in prison
 (And further on, through the vapour,)
 Is this a dying woman in a kitchen's door?
 Or a sister shelling, pens at the bed's foot of an
 incurable?

And last of all let us go to the most sick
 (Last of all, for they have poison)
 O! my lips accept the kisses of a wounded one!

All the *châtelaines* have died of hunger this summer, in
the turrets of my soul !

Here is the daybreak entering the festivel !
I catch a glimpse of sheep that stray on quays,
And there is a soul at the windows of the hospital

There is a long road from my heart unto my soul !
And all the sentinels are dead at the post !

One day there was a poor little man just in the suburbs of
my soul !

Hemlock was being mown one Sun lay n'orning
And all the virgins of the country were watching vessels
passing on the canal, a day of fishing and of
sunshine,

While the swans were pinning in the poisonous bridge,
They were pruning trees in the prison,
They were bringing medicines one afternoon in June,
And meals of patient were being spread in all the
horizons !

My soul ; *
And the sadness of it all, my soul ! and the sadness of
it all !

**

LASSIFUDI

These kisses know no longer where to rest,
For blind and cold they were they dressed,
Henceforth asleep in splendid reverie they
Watch drearily, as in the grey day,
The grey horizon herded sheep still raw
Upon the turf the moon's diabolical rays,

Kissed by the sun, dark is their life is dark ;
 Indifferent, without an envious spark
 For pleasure's roses under them unclosing,
 And it is long, green, ununderstood reposing.

TIKI D WID BLAIS

O LAUGHER ! and passion sighs,
 And sobs that the red frost heaves !
 Sighs and with half closed eyes
 Among the hevelled leaves,

My hate's hyena slouching,
 My sins yellow dogs, and, huge,
 At the weary, pale desert's marge,
 Incubons of love are crouching !

In a little arc um they lie,
 And languid and oppressed,
 Under their colour'd sky
 They watch, and shall without rest,

Temptation's sheep together,
 Or one by one, depart,
 And in the moon at tether
 The passions of my heart

JUSTICELESS HOURS

Here are 111 lines marching past,
 Dream after dream trailing by,
 Dream after dream failing fast ;
 Hope's days are doomed to die !

To whom must we flee to-day !
 No star to show us whereto ;
 But ice on our hearts grown gray,
 And in the moon linen blue

Sob after sob is trapped !
 Fireless the sick in the city,
 The grass of the lambs is lapped
 In snow, Sweet Saviour, pity !

But I, till the sleep is done,
 Await, I shall waken soon,
 I wait for a little sun
 On my hands iced by the moon.

THE HOSPITAL.

HOSPITAL ! Hospital on the canal !
 Hospital in July !
 There is a fire in the room !
 While ocean liners blow their whistle on the canal !

(O ! do not come near the windows !)
 Emigrants are crossing a palace !
 I see a yacht in the tempest !
 I see flocks on all the ships !
 (It is better to keep all the windows closed,
 One is almost sheltered from the outside.)
 It is like a hot-house on snow,
 You are going with a woman's churching on a stormy
 day,

You have a glimpse of plants shed o'er a linen sheet,
There is a conflagration in the sun,
And I cross a forest full of wounded men.

O! now at last the moonlight !

A jet of water rises in the middle of the room !
A troop of little girls huts open the door !

I catch a glimpse of lamb, on an island in the meadows !
And of beautiful plants on a glacier !
And lilies in a marble vestibule !
There is a festival in a virgin forest !
And an oriental vegetation in a cave of ice !

Listen ! the locks are opened !
And the ocean liners stir the water of the canal !

O ! but the sister of charity poking the fire !

All the beautiful green rushes of the banks are on fire !
A vessel full of wounded men rocks in the moonlight !
All the King's daughters are in a bark in the storm !
And the Princesses are going to die in a field of hemlock !

O ! do not leave the lattices ajar !
Listen : the ocean liners still are blowing their whistle on
the horizon !

Some one is being poisoned in a garden !
People are banqueting in the house of their enemies !

There are stags in a town that is besieged !
 And a menagerie amid the hives !
 There is a tropical vegetation in a coal pit !
 A flock of sheep is crossing an iron bridge !
 And the lambs of the meadow are coming sadly into the room !

Now the sister of charity lights the lamps,
 She brings the patient their meal,
 She has closed the windows in the wind,
 And all the doors to the moon

WINTER DISKS

I wait for her who comes
 Red no kiss hath known,
 And for longing left to me in
 In a reaped, rich harvest of grief

The rain must pour and pour !
 Or the snow is thick on the sword,
 While crouching wolves do ward
 My threshold of dreams evermore,

And watch in my soul ever sighing,
 With eyes in the past nigh dead
 All the blood that of old was shed
 Of lamb on the hard ice dying

Only the moon with its chill,
 Monotonous blue lights,
 While autumn the thin grass lights,
 My longing with hunger ill

ROUNDELAY OI WEARINESS.

I SING the dirges pale
 Of kisses lost and cold ;
 On love's thin grass I behold
 Wedding of them that ail.

In my slumber voices sing ;
 How nonchalant they are !
 And in streets without sun or star
 Lips are opening.

These things my heart desired,
 These flights that backward fall,
 Are the poor in a palace hall,
 And in the drawn candle's tired.

At the grim night's threshold I launch
 Mine eyes far out, and know
 That the moon, with its linen slow,
 And blue, my dreams will stanch.

BURNING GLASS

ANCIENT hours I behold
 Under regrets ripening,
 And fairer flora spring
 From their sister's azure on old.

Desires blow through my spirit
 O glass upon my desires !
 And the withered grass my soul href,
 When breathing memories stir it.

It grows with my thoughts for mould,
 And in the blue fleecing fast
 I see the ghosts of the past
 Their flower petals unfold

My soul through them lies gropes,
 Feels the touch of their
 Curtaining dead in shrouds
 And greens with other hopes.

LOOKS OF EYES

'Of ~~other~~ looks of poor, tired eyes!
 And yours and mine !
 And those that are no more and those that shall be !
 And those that never shall arrive and those that notwithstanding do exist !
 Some seem to be visiting the poor on a Sunday ,
 Some are like sick people with no home ,
 Some are like lamb , in a window covered with linen
 And these unusual looks !
 There are some under whose vult are people watching
 the execution of a virgin in a closed room ,
 And some that make one think of unknown melancholies !
 Of peasants at the windows of a factory ,
 Of a gardener who has turned weaver ,
 Of a summer afternoon in a museum of waxen images ,
 Of the thoughts of a queen who watches a sick man in
 the garden ,
 Of a colour of camphor in the forest ,
 Of shutting a princess up in a tower , some festal day ,
 Of sailing for a whole week on a warm canal
 With all those who come out with short steps like con-
 velscents at harvest time !

Pity all those who look like children gone astray at
meal time !
Pity those of the vindictive who looks up at the
surgeon,
His looks like tents under the storm !
Pity the looks of the tormented virgin !
(O ! my ! I think you to flee in the darkness !
And the vain and dead until the counts !)
And the looks of the victim who succumbs !
Princess abandoned in swamp, without an issue !
And these eyes wherein vessels in full sail vanish lit by
the tempest !
And the pity of all the looks which suffer with not
being elsewhere !
And all the sufferings indistinct and yet diverse !
And these that never any one will understand !
And these poor looks nigh mute !
And these poor looks that whisper !
And these poor titled looks !

Here in our midst one thinks one is in a castle which
erves as a hospital !
And so many others look like tents, like of war, on the
convent's narrow lawn !
And so many others look like wounded men being
tended in a hot house !
And so many others look like a sister of charity on an
or an liner where there are sick !

O ! to have seen all these looks !
To have taken all these looks into oneself !
And to have exhausted me in meeting them !
And henceforth not to be able any more to close my
eyes !

THE SOUL IN THE NIGHT.

My soul in the end is tired,
Tired of her sad, sad state,
And of being undesired.
Sad and tired I await
Your hands upon my face.

■
I await your pure hands, still
As angels of ice might be,
Till they bring the ring to me
On my face your fingers chill,
Like a treasure under the sea.

I await their healing deep,
Not to die in the sun,
To die without hope in the sun !
They wash my burning eyes,
Where so many poor ones sleep.

Where so many swans on the sea,
Are stretching, lost on the main,
Their necks morose in vain,
Where along the gardens of winter,
The sick break roses in rain.

I wait for your pure fingers yet,
Like angels of ice are they,
I wait till mine eyes they wet,
The withered grass of mine eyes,
Where the tired lambs are astray !

SONGS.

I

INTO a cave the maid she threw,
A sign upon the door she drew ;
The maid forgot the light, the key
fell down into the sea.

She waited while the summer went :
More than seven years she was pent,
Every year a stranger passed.

She waited while the winter went ;
And while she waited, waited yet,
Her hair the light could not forget.

It sought the light, and found it out,
It glided through the stones about,
And lit the rocks that held her pent.

One eve again a passer-by,
He knew not what the radiance meant,
And dared not come anigh.

He thinks a present is foretold,
He thinks it is a well of gold.
He thinks the angels are at play,
He turns aside, and wends his way.

II

And if he come back some day,
 What shall be said to him
One for him waited, say,
 Until her eyes grew dim

And if again he stays,
 And did not I in vain implore?
Take a sister an we will,
 If he might be suffering sore.

And if he would be told
 Where you are dwelling now?
Give him my ring, tell him,
 And bend your silent brow.

And if he comes the clock strikes,
 And see the dust on the floor?—
Show him the lamp's burnt wick,
 Show him the open door.

And if his last he breath,
 And ask how you fell and weep?—
Tell him I smiled in death,
 For fear lest he should weep.

III

THREE little maidens they have three,
 To find out what their hearts contain

The first of them was brimmed with bliss,
And everywhere her blood was shed
For full three years three serpents hiss.

The second full of kinless sweet,
And everywhere her blood was shed,
Three lambs three years his grass to eat.

The third was full of pain and rue,
And everywhere his blood was shed,
Three seraphim watch three years through.

IV

The muids with the bandaged eyes
(Do off the binds of gold)
The muids with the bandaged eyes
Are seeking their destinies.

Went in at the noon of day
(Keep on the binds of gold)
In at the gate went they
Of the palace of prairie, gray

Life saluting then,
(Fie close the binds of gold)
Life saluting then,
They never came to it again

V

The three blind sisters,
(Let not our hands grow cold)
The three blind sisters
Have their lamps of gold.

Into the tower they climb,
 (We, you, and they)
 Into the tower they climb,
 Wait till the seventh day

Ah! said the first one
 (Still hopes the heart, and nights)
 Ah! said the first one
 I can hear our lights

Ah! said the second, bending,
 (They, you, and we)
 Ah! said the second, bending,
 It is the King ascending

Nay, said the sun the first
 (Still be our courage stout)
 Nay, said the sun the first
 Our lights have lit gone out

VI

The seven virgins of Orlamonde,
 When the fury had passed away,
 The seven virgins of Orlamonde,
 Squought the gates of day

Have lit the wick of their seven lanterns,
 Have opened, flight by flight,
 The door of full four hundred chambers,
 But have not found the light

They come unto the sounding caverns,
 Go down, with courage cold,
 And in the lock of a closed portal
 Find a key of gold.

Through the chinks they see the ocean,
 They see the land of death,
 Do not open, knock at the portal,
 With bated breath.

VII

She had three diadems of gold,
 To whom did she give them?

Does one unto her parents bring—
 And they have bought three reeds of gold,
 And kept it till the Spring.

Gives one unto her lovers all
 And they have bought three nets of silver,
 And kept it till the Fall.

One she to her children brings:
 And they have brought three iron rings,
 And chucked it up the Winter long.

VIII

TOWARDS the palace she came—
 The sun was scarcely rising—
 Towards the palace he came,
 The knights all quired, surmising,
 Silent was every dame.

She stopped before the gate—
The sun was scarcely rising—
She stopped before the gate,
They heard the Queen descending,
And the King questioning her

Where are you wending, where are you wending?—
One service can be, take care—
Where are you wending, where are you wending?
Does some one wait for you there?
But she made answer not

She came down toward the Stranger,—
Take care, one service can be—
She came down toward the Stranger
The Stranger kissed the Queen,
No word did either say,
But went straightway.

The King at the gate was weeping
Take care, one service can be
The King at the gate was weeping,
They heard the Queen departing
They heard the leaves down weeping

You have lighted the lamps,—
O! the sun in the garden!
You have lighted the lamps,
The sun through the fissures shuns,
Open the gates of the garden

The keys of the doors are lost,
 We must wait, we must wait always,
 The keys are fallen from the tower,
 We must wait, we must wait always,
 We must wait for other days .

Other days shall open the doors,
 The forest keeps the keys
 Around us burn the holts,
 It is the light of the dead leaves,
 Which burn on the doors thresholds. .

The other days are wearisome,
 The other days are also shy,
 The other days will never come,
 The other days shall also die,
 We too shall die here by and bye.

I HAVE sought for thirty years, my sisters,
 Where hides he ever?
 I have sought for thirty years, my sisters,
 And four I him never

I have walked for thirty years, my sisters,
 Tired are my feet and hot
 He was a crywhale, my sisters,
 I visiting him

The hour is 7 in the evening, my sisters,
 Take off my shoon
 The evening is dying al o, my sisters,
 My sick soul will swoon .

Your years are sixteen, my sisters,
 The fur plums are blue,
 Take you my staff, my sisters,
 Seek also you

GEORGES MARLOW

1872 -

WOMEN IN RESIGNATION

ON Your poor hand pierced by the nail,
 With hopes long clinging, the old
 Women have to tell their cold
 Souls without feeling in I fruit,

In the hush You are becoming in
 This night, food I will! And they sin
 To the prodigals wandering
 In the wildernesses of sin

They are saying, these are in pain,
 They must suffer long until
 The heavenly dawn shall fill
 Their songs with brightness un

That since You have wept above
 The sins of the mild human race
 They must wash with tears their face
 And pray to You long in love.

On Your poor hands pierced by the nail,
 With hope's long clinging, the old
 Women have rested their cold
 Souls without feeling and frail.

SOULS OF THE EVENING.

VIII & the spindle merrily sings,
 Old women sing your complaint,
 The gas-lamps are misty and faint,
 And the night to the water clings.

Now Jesus walks where greens
 The dark, cobbled alley, and rests
 His poor, pierced hands on the breasts
 Of dreaming Magdalenes ;

And of every orphan child,
 And of houses holy with prayer,
 Mary Mother has care . . .
 Sing, Jesus meek and mild

Stands in your doorways' gloom,
 And hears your hymn beseech . . .
 Let the honey of His speech
 Your desolate hearts perfume ! -

The Shepherd of straying sheep
 Shall lead you home to the fold . . .
 But your soul, old women, must weep,
 Remembering its wounds of old,

Love, and the heart's long burn,
 The wounds of hope ever sick,
 And childhood's dreams falling quick,
 Shed and dead turn by turn.

Lord, on old women have pity,
 Whose soul, fair fragile toy,
 Touched by the kiss of the city,
 Dreams of the sun of joy !

ALBERT MOCKEL.

1866.—

THE GIRL.

SLENDER, and so virginal, but why not somewhat languid?—her casque of gold'n hair is starred sometimes with mellow sparks, and mellow is her mauve silk dress soft in its folds.

She is all music, in the music of her movements bathed, they also soft with pensive grace, and very slow with suppleness that undulatingly unrolls.

An evening party. She has danced, she dances still. Men dark and fair have come and led her off, under the chandeliers in this insipid music, insipid, and amusing her. Much has she danced (O all this light !) and feels a little weary, weary. Yes, several waltzes; of her partners one could talk, or nearly could;—but he is ugly, and his fish eyes middle-class. The other, on her programme next, is far more handsome, surely his keen

eyes have metallic glints, his hair is glossy black; he is Italian, is he not, or else from Hungary?

Ah! here he comes.

Two heads incline, she takes in arm they waltz.

This waltz, it rolls with a voluptuous rhythm, in harmony with the rhythm of the Girl, like convoluted masses, musically vaporous and very heavy, volutas without end and curve in curve. They dance, their curves live traces of care seen in the air, their undulations are in the lascivious music. Why? she is very tired, she has no strength in her eyelids she leans! her thought is vague, so vague along the twining curves, vague an volutas without end, and with the contours of their curves. These curves are turning round lasciviously; she thinks no more, she turns, she turns, she undulates in air and in the music's kisses, tickled by something drunken, by this air which brushes her, this ball;—she shivers.

Now nothing more, her eyes see nothing; things that turn, vague things volutas vague without an end, and curves that drag her on in velvet rhythms. But all the things around her turn too vaguely, too vaguely cycles twin barbules mad all of a turning, turning; and if she looks again he will be sure to fall!

The waltz continues and lasciviously rolls, rolls in the dizzying of twining things, mad cycles, and all this softness, curves that I might fit to swoon! Feverishly and I see the crazy dizzying of all these vague and circumnavigating this is it in her life she keeps her look on him. He plings his deep down into the great vague eyes before him until he is in shuddering. This man, his eyes are shining ininely beautiful, they shine with gleams fantastic and from them fluid comes perverted charm, burning andminating, almost animal, and with a glutinous, lint that trouble her

This well nigh bestial look upon a somewhat pensive, handsome face . . . And it is she, she . . . Ashamed, in spite of all her dizziness, she takes away her eyes from him who seeks to conquer her . But all is turning, all these things, these vague things turning, turning O too much ! she shuts her eyes to see them not, she could not open them again, the rhythmus ~~lure~~ her onward crossing one another, brushing some lascivious curve again, the vagueness, O such vagueness of the crazy cycles and lascivious curves that ravish her . Delicate titillation like a feather's sudden touch electrifies her, half fainting and surrendering she starts like Potem on his arm, this arm, that like a very soft and powerful billow bears and cradles her ; sweetly, irresistibly caresses her, bearing her onward, circling her with a voluptuous embrace, and . . . no, no ! his eyes through her closed lids she feels them, and then glucous flame that pierces, conquers her . This glucous look, this virile and determined look, it weighs upon her, haunting the soft eddyings of the waltz,—and is not this a breath that brushes her, the stink warmth of a desiring breath, man's breath on her neck

But the waltz bears her on in whirling, vague, voluptuousness.

THE SONG OF RUNNING WATER

"The light that my embarking meadow leaves
Over me like a pure lillow glide
Naked in its limpid intransigent ave,
It is the magnifying image wherein I
Am the diaphanous shadow of the slv

O beam! . . . O dream of fire that fills me . . .
 He, my heroic vow that with emotion thrills me,
 Comes! . . . but when his flame has lapped me wholly,
 From over me he rises, fleeing slowly,
 And in my being I can hear a being die.

Beautiful is the forest, whose
 O'er-leaning leaves temper my languid heat,
 Stripped 'v the wind of gold ~~has~~ strewn,
 And myrtle leaves are from each other singled,
 Dancing to fall upon their glancing selves,
 And playfully to emulate the frivolous deceit
 Of a bird's pinion with my waters mingled.

Breezes, trills of songbirds warbling with a breast that
 wells,
 All that lives and makes the forest ring retells
 The melody I murmur to my tall reed-grasses,
 Aery music that its spirit glasses.

O forest! O sweet forest, thou invitest me to rest
 And linger in thy shade with moss and shavegrass
 dressed,
 Imprisoning me in swoon of soft caresses
 That o'er me droop thy dense and leafy tresses.

But on I glide, I go, and, listful,
 Pass under thee, gliding away my life forgetful.
 The evanescent soul, the soul where thou went glassed,
 Fades, and leaves my sealed eyes nothing of the past.

Far away from me are gone
All the glimpses that upon me shone
To other forests and to other lights,
Shaking my hair from fall to fall, from spate to spate,
I glide with hands untied, and empty eyed,
With endless hours that fetter and control my fate.

Wandering shadow of a reverie binked and pent,
Sister of all those whom my waves entrap,
Intangible as a soul, and, like a soul,
Unfit to seize, I roll
Garlands of scattered memories, whose scent
Dies in a bitter sap.

And neither who I am nor whence I am I know . . .
Under my fleeting images lives but one being,
That winds with all my windings whither they are
fleeing . . .
O thou whose tired feet I have bathed, and heavy brow,
And the caress of avid hands, —
O passer-by, my brother listening to me now !—
Hast thou not seen, from the waste mountains' threshold
to my far sea-sands,
Born and reborn in me, strong as the whipped flood-tides
of love's emotion,
The broad, unbroken current rolling me to the ocean ?

Hast thou not seen, force without end, immortal rhythm
and rhyme,
Desire impelling me beyond the bounds of Time?"

III. GOBLE F

EVERY hand that touches me I greet
With kiss welcoming, caresses sweet.

Thus in my eyes naked beauty I —
With nothing save a little gold a on my lips a ,
dive —

Give myself wholly to the mouth unknown
That asks the burning of my own.

Queen of joy, — queen and slave, —
Mistress that taken passes on again,
Mocking the love she throws to still
Desire, I have blown madness at my pleasure's will
To the four winds that rave

Say you that I am worn?
List!
I am feeble, scarcely I exist . . .
Yet listen: for I can be everything.

This mouth, that never any kiss could close,
Capriciously in subtle fires it blows,
The jewelled garlands of a shadowy blossoming.

Tulip of gold or ruby, dense
Corolla of dark purple opulence ,
Stem of a lily diamond 1 w. &
I lowered upon a limpid pond
That nothing save the bark of wood doves troubles,
I am sparkling, I am singing, — and I laugh to see,
Ascending in this colourless soul of me, w. &
As might a dream, a thousand iridescent bubbles.

For the lover drunken on my lips that burn,
 Whether he pour in turn
 The wines of gold and flame or love, wave to
 my rim,
 Drinks from my soul for ever strange to him
 A queenly splendour or the radiance of the skies,
 Or fury scorching where the harmful ruby lies
 In the bitter counsel of my jealous toives

And, tears or joy, delirium, during drunkenness,
 From all this passion that to his is married
 Nothing of me will rush unto his arm
 Lips, save the simple in the limpid light
 Whose gleam is wedded to my empty chalice

What matter? I have given De me his cloudland
 palace,
 And on my countess in slue breast
 Love lets the hope of I — haphious flight
 Languish, and softly rest . . .
 And I laugh, the fragile, frivolous sister of Eve!
 For me in nights of mirth the drunken hands upheave
 Higher than all forches is to the constellated skies,
 And then I am the und in star of lies,
 That into troubled joys drifts deep its radiant
 gleam—
 The sweet, perfidious happiness of Dream

THE CHANDELIER

JEWELS, ribbons, naked necks,
 And the living bouquet that the corsage decks;

Women, undulating the soft melody
Of gestures languishing, surrendering . . .
And the vain, scattered patter of swift words . . .

Silken vestures floating, faces bright,
Furtive converse, gliding glances, little kiss
Of eyes that flitting round alight like birds,
And flee, and come again coquettishly ;
Laughter, and lymg . . . and all flying away
To the strays that spin the frivolous swarm around.

Lo, here the burning beauty of a rose
Has fallen . . .
And feeble in its wasted grace it lies,
Exhaling its bruised loveliness, the while,
Like Love among the smiles,
It dies.

Eddying skirts, gay giddiness . . . the festival is closed,
While somewhat of uneasiness still palpitates,
No void subsists of vanished voices :
And nothing on the stained boards has remained
Except a stem, a chalice, —once a rose.

But the forgotten chandelier, whose grandiose soul
Unto the eyes of beauty dedicates
Its glorious sheaf of fires without a goal,
In halls deserted charms the solitude
That nascent morning sheds his pure breeze o'er . . .

And the dawn weaves afar it, threads of light. . . .
Know you that in the Orient, simple, earnest, bright,
She whose burning soul immortal shows
Arises

... O light !

Down yonder, in the deeper solitude,
 She who is born, and dies, and is renewed,
 Life passionately rises under the sky !
 The fleeing wave has mirrored in its bosom
 The young smile of the golden morn,
 That comes across the plain where wheat and rye
 Grow green, and with the blonde dawn intertwine
 Behold : consumed under the ruby shine
 In which its glory's and flame exhausts itself,
 The chandelier is paling at the breath of Death,
 And burns its throes out in the face of the Sun

THE ANGEL

SOME one here has gone to sleep.

While yet the sun is at the Heaven's rim,
 Under the shadows of domed ivy crests,
 Innocent, tired, upon the happy grass he rests,
 And the shadow, scarcely moving over him,
 Prolongs around his sleep the hem of night

Who is this child thus dawning on our sight ?
 Is it to any one among you known
 Whence comes this adolescent, white
 Traveller, who has halted with us in the night ?

Comes he from seas afar,
 Where islands are ?
 Or from unkempt
 Forests, or from sterile plains,
 Whose vastness never any man has dreamt ?

Naked and white is he. The stones that clot
 The road, his feet and knees have wounded not ;
 There is upon his brow something we dread . . .
 Whence come, he, with his beauty dight,
 He who has halted with us in the night?

His hair is spread
 Like a wave of light ;
 His closed hand holds a flower unknown ;
 And 'tis his white of an enchanted thing
 Is like a cloud scape doubly shown
 In waters mirroring

O brothers, take
 Care that his sleep ye do not break !

But what a snow is this that trembling gleams
 Frail on his flank, and buries him in our sight ?
 And these strange beams,
 That like a white and scintillant raiment drape
 His limbs in folds of light ?

O brothers ! I have seen . . . It is a wing . . .
 Look ye : this is, immortal shape,
 An angel slumbering.

In the light morn, where the holm its shadow flings,
 The wanderer adown Heaven's azure steep,
 Has closed his mystic wing,
 An angel here has gone to sleep . . .

Never a movement quivers
 To trouble the transparent, limpid air :
 Not a leaf shivers . . .
 It is an angel sleeping there.

What silence ! O what calm without an end !
Whence did the stranger unto us descend ?
Did he, a weak, frail enemy advance
Before the One who strikes, and wills us prone ?
Or were there monsters to be overthrown,
Some day of courage blind, pierced with his lance,
And then his wing grazed Death ?
But no, for with a smile his mouth uncloses,
And in the silence he reposes.

*

O let us whisper ! Let the shadow's dome
Lengthen the hour of sleep with its fresh gloam
Perchance his soul loved space, but tender
And human still, grew weary of the bare
And arid splendour of unvaulted air,
And all this sun-swept ether limitless . . .

Sad was his heart one day, feebler his soul,
His brow too heavy; and, without a word,
Wandering through deathless radiance loathing it,
He closed his eyes above
The dizzy vast of love,
And, keeping at his flank his shamed wings,
Down floating, on the earth abt

But when, awakening, to his feet he springs,
Angered, his restless wings will soar and fly,
Resounding through the Azure they devour ;
And, virgin, with a supernatural, clear cry,
He in the dawn will fade, in the infinite hour,
Like the keen dream that darts through cosmos deeps
When a flaming meteor leaps,
And lights the worlds between.

THE MAN WITH THE LYRE.

No man knows whence, from very far,
 Came a man who bore a lyre,
 And his eyes were as bright as a madman's are;
 And he sang a song of fire
 To the short strings of his lyre,
 The love of women, and vain, languishing desire,
 Upon his lyre.

His lyre was frail, and flowered with roses pale;
 And so sweet rose the voice of his breath,
 That as far as a man's eye wandereth,
 From the mountain to the vale,
 From the valley to the forest, from the forest to the
 plain,
 Ran the young men, and the lasses sprang
 To hear the dulcet strain of pain he sang.

"He's a proud man," said all the men.
 "Like a soul speaking is this voice of his,
 So sad and tender, fit to make you swoon,
 His voice is like a woman's kiss!" —
 "Ho!" they said — said all the lasses then —
 "He is a lover, with his lyre!
 Sweetly he speaks, so sweetly with his lyre,
 We fair would weep, and would be dying soon. . . ."

But now the singer's voice has changed, he sings
 Upon the long chords of his lyre
 The deeds of men, and dukes, and kings,
 Warring afar from Ophir to Cathay,

And over all the earth in great array,
 And weapons shocked by which the soul is rocked,—
 And golden oriflammes spread to the breeze's breath
 To celebrate the joy of life in death.

“O !” the men, “Alas !” the lasses said,
 “We understand no longer what you say.
 Your voice that soared, like any wing
 Freed but now from the great paradise,
 Has gone,—perhaps more proudly hovering, --
 We know not in what country now it flies.”
 “O !” the men, “Alas !” the lasses said
 And children, string by string,
 Cried under dazzled skies.

Now for his grave man's voice the singer tries
 The greatest chord of all the lyre.
 And to the gravest chord of all he saith
 Hope that for very youth soars in a breath,
 And stretching like a wakened beast desire. . . .
 And lo ! already, by the willows of the river,
 Beautiful Joy who passes binding crowns turns her aside.

And suddenly tempestuous grief rings far and wide,
 Its strength awakening from the mystery of the chords
 Dream-voices that deliver
 And lo ! our fists are clenched and leaping towards
 Death's iron gates, and bruised recoiling thence

“Holla !” the men said ; and the lasses laughed
 “Holla !” the men said, “surely he is daff !
 He sings, he comes we know not whence ;
 What would he have from us ? We have no pence

(And the lasses laughed.)

"Follow," the lasses said, "the werwolf we have started"

And men and maids stoned him with pebbles of the way,
And, twining arms and waists, so glad and gay,
Singing and laughing, all departed,
Laughing and singing, laughing all the way.

But now the solitude is moulding
A long - isic folding and unfolding

Is it an unseen angel's touch? As in the grey
Silence might a phantom shape s,
That comes, unrolls its raiment, and escapes,
A voice flees, when the breeze has touched and passed,
And glides within the singing chords . . .
As a light wind sings at a vessel's mast,
The sweet breath mounting from the river towards
The singer, binds a chant on the lyre's chords.

It is a wing twinkling the wise, and in it glassed;
It is the vague word moving Nature through and through,
And which the human lip shall never speak. . . .

And now it bears a soul into the blue;
And of a sudden all the melody
Rings out with such a grave record towards
The skies, that in the radiant deeps of space the chords,
Magnified, no man can fathom how,
Have brushed God's viewless brow! . . .

SONG OF TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

Two women on the hill-side stood,
Where the long road winds through the wood,

At dusk of day.

One of them laughs, a-laughing glad and gay,
 One of them sings, mocking all grisly care ;
 The other moans, and sighs in her despair,
 The other sobs, crying her heart away

"Ho ! " (says the one) " sweet glides the breeze,
 My drunken heart upon it flees"

The other moans, "The wind blows chill,
 My heart is O ! so sad and ill. "

One told her story to the grass green hill

"Years and years gone my husband went from me,
 (Upon the breeze my laughter bounds and blows !)
 He went to sail upon the doleful sea,
 And God knows he has slain his thousand foes.
 But let the drunken breeze be blowing strong,
 He will come back with April's sun ere long,
 And we shall laugh at troubles o'er and done,
 Counting the golden booty he has won."

So glad and gay, she laugh, and sings her song

And the other moans in sorrow broken-hearted ,
 The words are broken in her voice that grieves

"The wind groans , my soul with sorrow heaves ;
 My lord, my lover he is far departed !
 His flesh with mine was one,
 His soul and mine were blent
 And yet one day from me he went,

And on my lips held out in vain,
 Like a drop hung on the rim
 Of passion's cup filled full for him,
 Is trembling still a kiss I gave not back again.

Far, far away, upon the bloody plain,
 (O ! in the wind the wailing wild of pain !)
 Perchance he fell and now he dies,—or some
 Woman has with her love his heart o'ercome,
 Some woman's eyes have spbbed my happiness. . . .
 With pain and love my heart is all forlorn ;
 I hear my sorrow and the wind's distress
 Blent in the baleful bluster of the coin.
 I know ! Another woman's kisses sever
 His heart from mine ! But what is this **disgrace**,
 To me, the flesh of his flesh now and ever ?
 Let him come back ! I languish for his face.
 Let him come back to where his truelove lies,
 And every day my tears for him shall race
 Down on my pale hands from my withered eyes. *

“ Ho !” says the one, (singing glad and gay),
 “ Thy tears are at the wind's will borne away.
 See, in the valley greens the gracious spring ;
 The warbling bird is gladdening the leaves !
 O let the breeze blow far thy voice that **grieves**,
 For the breeze is come, with perfumes on his wing,
 And the meadow bloom under the **April rain**.
 Laughter ! I know no more of **tears and pain**. ”

“ Ah !” say the other, “ woe an' tackaday ! ”

“ O !” says the one and laughing wends her way,
 Two women on the hill-side stood.

And now, from the far fields and near the wood,
 Two wounded men come trailing up the way.
 No standard waves its joy before their face,
 No sturdy mule is bearing their array.
 Alone, and slowly, up the path they pace,
 And, drop by drop, blood marks their every trace.

And of a sudden crying from the brant,
 The blended voices of two women pant; -
 And the wind may moan, and laugh the breeze,
 For grief and joy mingle their ecstasies

“ It is my husband ! God, scarce liveth he . . .
 (My laugh is stifled dying in the breeze !)
 Alas ! it is my husband, fainting, bruised,
 Drop by drop his blood has oozed. . .
 Curst be the hour my husband went from me !
 Curst, curst be God who hears and sees ! ”

Two cries of women, fury and caress,
 Cry without hope and cry of happiness

“ It is my lord, alive, my lover dear
 (My tears are dried, and on the breeze they flee !)
 O it is he indeed ! My lord is here,
 Bruised, wounded, pitiful, with panting breath,
 But loyal to my heart that quivreth . . .
 Blest be the day gives my true love to me ! ”

And the wind may moan, and sing the breeze
 For joy and grief have blent their ecstasies

For mirrored in the evasive wave it pears
 A double brow ; an angel sleeps beside

The waking angel ; from the plaint that died
 Thanksgiving soars , and, mingling smiles with tears.
 Days with black jewels gem a diadem
 For glittering Night whence Death comes unto them.

THE ETERNAL BRIDE.

I have dreamt thee kind, and dreamt thy careful eyes,
 Sister unknown, eternal bride of mine.
 Wife of my thought, I have bent my mouth to thine,
 And slowly thou hast spoken, -in this wise :

“ I flash, I glitter, I fade
 Enjoy my love ere it flees,
 But seek not where I have strayed,
 My trace is like sand on the breeze.

My kiss falls on thy face
 But I am unseen, a shade
 That passes . . . my kisses fade
 Like a wing that flits through space.

Listen, and think ! I am she
 Who opens thine eyes in dream.
 I am the wonderful beam
 Of a mystery unveiled to thee

I am hot as the sun at heaven steep,
 And more than smoke I am light ;
 And I glide through the odours of night
 To visit thee in thy sleep.”

THE BRIDE OF BRIDES

O THOU who hauntest my nights, Spectre of Time,
immense,
Voiceless, eternal shadow, Monster for whose feet we
hark,
And peer for thy marrowless bones in vain through the
darkness dense,
I know thou art near me . . . I tremble, and wait for
thee in the dark.

O shame ! Am I stricken with terror ? Absolve with the
calm of thy scorn
My soul that is dizzy whirling under thy piercing
eyes !
Yet once my forehead fancied, in its tender and radiant
morn,
That folded into thy bosom every sorrow dies.

I have hated thee in my terror, O Priestess of Time,
O Death.
Thy fathomless anger swells and rolls a mournful sea,
And the flesh in the shock of thy billows writhes, and
with stifled breath
Cries through the din of thy laughter, crying unto
thee. . . .

But come ! . . . O Bride of embraces twined like an
octopus !
I give to thy greedy heart a valiant and quiet heart,--
Since it is true that Love soars out of Death as does
A lily out of a coil of encircling serpents dart.

GEORGES RAMAEKERS.

1875--.

THE THISTLE.

ROOTED on herbless peaks, where its erect
 And prickly leaves, austerely cold and dumb,
 Hears the slow, scaly serpent in respect,
 The Gothic thistle, while the insects' hum
 Sounds far off, rears above the rock it scorns
 Its rigid virtue for the Heavens to see.
 The towering boulders guard it. And the bee
 Makes honey from the blossoms on its thorns.

MUSHROOMS.

WHETHER with hues of corpses or of blood,—
 Phallus obscene or volva as of glue—
 In the rank rotting of the underwood,
 And those that out of dead beasts' bodies grew,
 Fed by the effervescence
 Of poisonous putrescence,
 Flourish the saprophytes in mould and must.

Plants without roots and with no leaves of green,
 Souls without faith or hope they thrust
 Protuberances rank with lust,
 Inert, venene.

And if there is not death in all of them,
 It is because some sect among them breeds

From less putrescent wood fallen from the stem
Of the Living Tree whose severed bough still feeds

In the autumnal thicket, thinned
Along its mournful arches by the wind,
No longer to dead twigs but sapwood quick,
Corrupting trunks that time left whole.
The reeking parasites in millions stick,
Like to the carnal ill that gnaws the soul
Of those who at the feet of women fawn.

And Hell has blessed their countless spawn.

And though they cannot reach the surging tops
Of the unshaken columns of the Church,
In spreading crops
The parasites with poison smirch
And mottle with strange stains the fruits
The Monstrance opens in the groves of Rome.

Trusting that ancient orchard's sainted roots,
Whoever of the leprous apples eats
Shall feel his faith grow dunkened with a gloam
That filters heresy's corroding sweets

More hideous than saprophytes,
And therefore for the sacrifice more fit,
Upon the Corn and Vinestock sit
Minute and miserable parasites :
And o'er the Eucharist their tiny bellies,
To eat and crimson it, have crept.
Their occult plague has for three hundred years
Eaten the very hope of mystic ears,
Wherever the Christian Harvester ha slept.
And while, in the land of heavy, yellow beers,

In the brewing-vat of barren exegeses
 Some new-found yeast for ever effervesces,
 The saints whose blood turns sick and rots,
 Waiting till a second Nero shall
 For their cremation light a golden carnival,
 Behold their bodies decked with hvid spots.

GEORGES RENCY.

1875--.

WHAT USE IS SPEECH?

WHAT use is speech, what use is it to say
 Words that without an echo die away,
 And only leave vain sadness after?
 All a forest of shadow rings with laughter,
 If thou but move thy hand to grasp at life!

My love, the path on which we laugh with life
 Pales in a doubt befogged with roads that leads not
 thorough ;
 The night is triumphing with stars, towards to-morrow !
 In the night, thou sayest, shadowy terrors fall.
 Be undeceived, there is no night .
 There is only multiform, enormous light,
 And the stars are there, for thee to be drunk withal !

THI' SOURCE.

OUR feet kiss where the source is glistening
 In the glad gloaming softening the trees.

Its waters murmur mysteries to the breeze,
 And we in rapture are listening.
 The leaves are paling in the twilight chill -
 A mystic something in the air is swimming ;
 Our eyes with happy tears are over-brimming ;
 And now the source grows timid, and is still
 The shadow makes the world so fair and frail ;
 Wouldst thou not, like a banner on the gale,
 Be fain to shake thy heart out tenderly ? -
 But no, say nothing, silence is a veil
 For fervent thoughts that utterance only mars.
 Let us sit hand in hand, and converse be
 Without a word under the peace of stars.

THE FLISH

O CARNAL love, life's laughter ! Under these
 Free Eden skies and on these blossomed leas,
 Thy kiss is on these budding lips of ours.
 The high grass is all gold, the drunken flowers
 Voluptuously languish, every one,
 Feverish as the earth is with the sun.

My heart leaps like a beast of light, and tears
 And madly o'er the royal road careers,
 Where my desires' processional altars are
 Your flesh is quivering and to mine replies,
 Dearest, and glassed within your great pale eyes
 Is Heaven immensely blue and deep and far.

Kiss me ! The hour is sweet, and pure our kiss.
 The deathless boon of living sings in us.

Let us with ravishment delirious
 Possess each other, and in infinite bliss
 Be born again, knowing life's mysteries !

I'd lie and claim with your hot caress,
 O human mould - naked, exquisite !
 I am drunken with your dazzling loveliness,
 Of grace and beauty dowered with your
 Your budding flesh so marvellously pure !

FERNAND SÉVERIN.

1867--.

THE CHAPLET.

Fumus ari emulat, ne anglorumus" — VIRGIL.

My forest, winter's captive, I have seen
 Softly awakening under warmer breezes : .
 In bluer air my forest shimmering green
 Wafts down the wind the scent that in its trees is.

An olden happiness, and yet unknown :
 Trembles my simile heat', these things beholding !
 With pearls of dew the burgeoning boughs are strown,
 Trembling, this morning hour, my woods unfolding.

O Muses ! if so passionate a love
 Survive these leaves in song, of mine that please ye,
 Seek not to soften to the wrinkles of
 My brow the oak's or laurel's bough uneasy.

The leaves were quivering open, frail as flowers !

O ! let the light bough of this foliage, shining
With the cold tears of Night's imprisoned hours,
For ever be mine idle bough, catwining !

Be manlier brows by prouder fillet, swathed !

But I would live renownless, lonely hearted,
And to those virgin haunts return unseathed
Whence my child's soul hath never yet departed.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

I FEEL my heart for ever dying, bruised
By all the love it never will have used,
Dying in silence, and with angels by,
As simply as in cradles infants die,
Infants that have no speech

O God given heart,

Guarded by vigilant seraphim thou art !

Nothing shall soil thy natal raiment ! Thou,

Rest ~~thee~~ content with no kiss on thy brow,
Save of maternal summer eves, and die

In thy desire and thy virginity

Thy sacrifice hath made thee shy and proud ;

Thy life with very emptiness is bowed.

Made to be loved, loved thou shalt never be,

Though many maids would stretch their arms to thee,
As to the Prince who through their fancies rides.

Alas ! and thou hast never known these brides,

To thee they come not when calm eveang falls,

The pensive maids to whom thy longing calls ;

And thou art dying of thy love unused,

Poor sterile heart, my heart for ever bruised !

SOVRAN STATE

IN nights impure moans one with fever stricken :
 "Lord ! let a maiden bring me, for I sicken,
 Water and wine, and quench my thirst with them."

Sprung water ! Fruits of a virgin vine ! And let
 Her white and virgin hands lie on the fret
 Of the King's brow burnt by its diadem."

O pitiful crown upon a head so lowly !
 Does the unquiet night allegiance show thee ?
 Thou King of beautiful lands that never were.

"O stars among the trees ! O waters pale !
 Comes the expected dawn in opal veil ?
 Pity the tired and lonely sufferer :

And grant me, Lord, after the night out-drawn,
 The sleep and boon of Thy forgiving dawn ;
 And let Thy chosen heart no longer bleed."

But answer makes the Lord in stern denial :
 "Leave thou, for nobler verse, to pain and trial .
 Thy heart, the open book the angels read."

THE KISS OF SOULS.

You who have died to me, you think you live !
 Living, your squandered gems and lies shed !
 But since the dream you were is fugitive,
 Love, calm and sad, whispers that you are dead.

She that you were survives in dreams. I press
 Her virgin hands, I hear the vows she swears,
 Hath not this evening that old loveliness?
 I seem to breathe the blossom, that she wears

Hearts had been beating long before they spoke,
 But eyes had speech, and tender voices ringing,
 Docile to love like perfect lyres, awoke
 The forest's wondering echo with their singing.

A lovelier and a lonelier evening came;
 The sun behind the breathless forest set,
 Who was it hushed our voices? For in shame
 We bent our eyes down that by chance had met.

The treasure of our hearts this one deep look
 Delivered up! Our secrets were in this
 One look exchanged that our two spirits took,
 And wedded in their first and only kiss

HER SWEET VOICE.

Her sweet voice was a music in mine ear;
 And in the perfume of the atmosphere
 Which, in that eve, her shadowy presence shed,
 "Sister of mystery," trembling I said,
 "Too like an angel to be what you seem,
 Go not away too soon, belov'd dream!"

Then, smiling as a mother will, she seized
 My brow, and with soft hands my fever eased.

"Still, thou poor child, this childish tear of me?
 Thy forehead furrowed by sad memory,

Are these a shadow's hands that on it rest?
 A bright May morn is dawning in thy breast :
 Is it a phantom's voice that soothes thy grief?
 But if my beauty be beyond belief,
 Breathe its ten' trial odour ! Part my hair,
 And take my veil away and make me bare !
 Thou canst not soil my wings, nor stain the snow
 Of these frail flowers that in my garden blow ;
 Come in so fair an evening, spend the treasure
 Of my veiled loveliness in thy heart's pleasure."

Thus sang the tender voice that needs must fade !
 And in her kiss the soul was of a maid.
 But night came from the rim of autumn skies,
 Came from the forest's shallow, evil eyes.

THE REFUGE.

This is mine hour. Night falls upon my life.
 I must forego my part in men's keen strife,
 With conquered step resigned I reach the door,
 Beloved too late, where none awaits me more.
 An autumn shudder through the clear, cold sky
 Runs, interrupting the monotonous cry
 Shed by a horn astray and desolate,
 Making me, languidly, smile at my fate. . . .

But all is said. Night moves me, in the gloam,
 Save the uneasy hope of this dear home.
 She lives ; my heart, and not mine eye, foresees.
 The sweetness of the moon, spread on the trees,
 Veils more and more this happy nook with peace
 And mystery that bids foreboding cease ;

A counsel of forgetfulness is cast
Around me, something pensive, good, and vast
And every step I take the more it thrills
My soul which yet that ancient quarrel kills.
But what shall summer storms betoken, when
She breathes the autumn chill she longed for then,
And only trembles feeling memories stir
Of hearts that loved her well and wounded her.

NATURE.

Slow falls the eve ; the hour is grave, profound
The sweet, sad cuckoo makes the air resound
With his two notes with springtide languor filled,
And the tall pines, by eddying breezes thrilled,
Tremble, as ocean echoes in a shell
Else all is hushed.

I walk with heart unwell
Slowly the shadow on my path descends
I loiter o'er familiar forest bends,
Whose calm grows deeper with the darkening west,
O such a calm I feel my own unrest
Melt in the peace of landscapes unsoe'en ;
And in the east eve clothes with azure sheen
The slender uplands with their billowing chain,
Whose silhouettes shut in the distant plain,
And on their tops their cloak of forests gleams
Through the thin veil of mist that o'er them streams.
And all is vague, the ideal form of things
Shimmers divine in deep imaginings,
Gladdening the eye with grace ineffable ;
Seeing them, in the enchanted world we dwell
Of soulless, happy beings who possess

The calm we cry for of forgetfulness,
 We who desire in desolate hearts that pine,
 This sovereign gift of peace that makes divine ;
 And most at eve, when quiet nights of spring
 Enchant the sky, the forest, and the ling.
 The forest's darkness sways me at its will ;
 And with a holy and unfathomed thrill
 I feel a dizzy longing grow in me :
 O not to think ! nor wish ! O not to be ! . . .

THE HUMBLE HOPE.

Time goes, poor soul, and sterile are thy vows.
 After our outwatched nights and feverish brows,
 What do we know, save that we nothing know ?

Even as a child a butterfly will chase,
 Far have I strayed in many a flowering place,
 And here I tremble in the afterglow.

Yet not despairing in my feebleness,
 But hoping that the Master still will bless
 The will to do good that my efforts show.

ELEONORA D'ESTE.

Dost thy heart, Tis so, burn for thy Princess ?
 Strive to refine thy obscure tenderness,
 Of which she can accept the flower alone.
 Save it make nobler, I no love can own. " "
 Certes, among the gifts that fate bestows,
 And the least lovely, as a poet knows,

Some are an offered prey that passions take,
 But there are others which, if seized, do break ;
 And of these supreme gifts love is the best.
 If thou indeed dost love me, 'ware thee lest
 Thy heart forget the reverence it owes,
 Then may it love, and in love find repose.

THE THINKER.

O THINKER ! Thou whose heart hath not withheld,
 For the first time, Spring's beauty in the wood,
 And who thyself wilt therefore not forgive,

Thy days have passed in pondering o'er the great
 Enigma man propo'ses to his fate,
 And books from life have made thee fugitive

What boots ? Leave to the gods their secret yet,
 And, while thou livest, live without regret
 The sweetness of this simple word To live.

A SAGE

He knows dreams never kept their promise yet.
 Henceforth without desire, without regret,
 He cons the page of sober tenderness
 In which some poet, skilled in life's distress,
 Breathed into olden, golden vers his sighs
 Sometimes he lifts his head, and holds his eyes,
 With all the wonderment that wise men know,
 On fields, and clouds that over forests go,
 And with their calmness, sated is his thought.

He knows how dearly fair renown is bought :
 He too, in earlier days of stinging strength,
 Sought that vain victory to find at length
 Sadness at his desire's precipitous brink. . . .
 Of what avail, he thought, to act and think,
 When human joy holds all in one rapt look ?
 His mind at peace reads Nature like a book.
 He smiles, remembering his youth's unrest,
 And though none know it, he is wholly blest.

THEY WHO ARE WORN WITH LOVE.

Wives, worn with unregenerate delights,
 The kisses of fair youths grow dull and sicken,
 They seek, fatigued with hope and outwatched nights,
 A bed of love that shall the senses quicken.

White bed of love with pillows rich with lace,
 Caressing curtains sheltering dreamless blisses,
 And, to grow better from the bought embrace,
 Upon their wasted brows long trembling kisses.

Colder than autumn heaven, the eyes they crave,
 In which the bitterness of tears shall vanish,
 Lips of a speech impersuadable, suave
 Which their sick sorrows shall assuage and banish.

Love should be night, and bidden forgetfulness,
 Never with follies of the past upbraided,
 Hope still renewed consoling the distress
 Of dreams come true and in fulfilment faded.

Nor light, nor noise ; but in the happy room,
 With tapestry the walls to sleep beguiling,
 To kiss the long hands of the mistress whom
 A plain gown clothes, and who is faintly smiling !

Once they have seen her, and to hear her speak
 They hoped for her and Heaven, and knelt before
 her ;
 But love's old burden make, their soul so weak
 That save with sighs they never dare implore her

THE CLINTAUR

OfT on my rural youth I dwell in fancy
 Ye gods who for our deepest feelings care,
 If fields and forests evermore entrance me,
 It is because you set my bathplace there.

With what a love up-welling sweet and tender
 Upon the august face of earth mine eye,
 Lingered, and drank her solitary splendour,
 Bathed in the radiance of calm summer skies !

All was excitement ! Valleys richly rounded ;
 The undulating, broadly breasted hills ;
 The vast plains which the veiled horizon bounded
 Lit by the silver flash of restless rills

But you, ye forests, filled me most with yearning !
 The pang I felt still to my memory cleaves,
 When I beheld your endless tree-tops waving,
 As underneath the wind the ocean heaves !

And at your wasted murmuring, I, to capture
 Your reachless vast, my arms would open dart,
 Crying in sudden, overpowering rapture :
 "The world is less immense than my own heart ! .

Do not accuse of pride, O Nature ! Mother !
 My fleeting youth. Not vain was my unrest :
 Of all by mortal sons there is no other
 Hath 'rained himself more fondly to thy breast.

The summer sun has scorched my skin, and daring
 Has chiselled on my face its stubborn force ;
 In foaming floods I bathed, my body baring ;
 And on the mountains braved the tempests hoarse.

All manly pleasures that our being fashion
 In the rough shock of elements uncouth,
 All of them I have known with headlong passion ;
 With lust of struggle pulsed my arduous youth.

Intoxicating was the zest that thrilled me.
 What matter if I let the fervour seize
 My quivering soul ? The bitter joy that filled me
 Whipped and exalted me, and left no lees.

For I had dreamt all phases of existence !
 All that was frail and pent in me with scorn
 I cast aside, and looked towards the dstance
 Where dawned the fire for which my mind was born.

Was it a vain dream ? O you centaurs smiting
 With loving hoofs your rock, and herbless sods,
 O you whose shape, a man's and beast's uniting,
 Shelters a secret fire that makes you gods !

You who quaffed life with its abundance drunken !
 Your transports I have known in olden days,
 In evenings when, like you in silence sunken,
 I drove along the darkened forest ways !

Ye me, ye savage gods, your strength was soathing ;
 And, when a sacred madness through me ran,
 In the pent breath the foliage was breathing
 I deemed me one of you, I mortal man

EMILE VERHAEREN.

1855--.

THE OLD MASTERS

IN smoky inns whose loft is reached by ladder,
 And with a grimy ceiling splashed by shocks
 Of hanging hams, black-puddings, onions, bladder,
 Rosaries of stuffed game, capons, geese, and cocks,
 Around a groaning table sit the gluttons,
 Before the bleeding viands stuck with forks,
 Already loosening their waistcoat buttons,
 With wet mouths when from flagons leap the corks--
 Teniers, and Brackenburgh, and Brauwer, shaken
 With listening to Jan Steen's uproarious wit,
 Holding their bellies dithering with bacon,
 Wiping their chins, watching the hissing spit.
 Their heavy-bodied Hebrews, with their curving
 Bosoms in linen white without a stain,
 Are going round, and in long jets are serving
 Wine that a sunbeam filters through the pane,
 Before it sets on fire the kettles' planchies.
 The Queens of Tippling are these women, whom

Their swearing lovers, greedy of their haunches,
Belabour as befits their youth in bloom,
With sweating temples, blazing eyes, and lolling
Tongue that keeps singing songs obscenely gay,
With brandished fists, bodies together rolling,
Blows fit to bruise their carcases, while they,
With mouth for songs aye ready, throat for bumpers,
And blood for ever level with their skins,
Dance i to split the floor, they are such jumpers,
And 'till their dancer as around he spins,
And lick his face in kisses endless seeming,
Then fall with ransacked corsage, wet with heat,
A smell of bacon fat is richly steaming
From the huge platters charged with juicy meat ;
The toasts are passed around, in gravy swimming,
Under the noses of the guests, and passed
Around again, with fresh relays of trimming.
And in the kitchen drudges wash up fast
The platters to be sent back to the table,
The dresser bulge, crowded with crockery ;
The cellars hold as much as they are able ;
And round the estiaie where this agape
In glowing red, from pegs hang baskets, ladles,
Strainers, and saucpans, candlesticks, and flasks.
Two monkeys in a corner show their navels,
Throning, with glass in hand, on two twin casks ;
A mellow light on every angle limmers,
Shines on the door-knob, through the great keyhole,
Clings to a pestle, filters through the limmers,
Is jewelled on the monster gala bowl,
And slanting on the heated hearthstone sickens,
Where, o'er the embers, turns to brown the flesh
Of rosy sucking-pigs and fat cock chickens,
That whet the edge of appetite afresh.

From dawn to eve, from eve to dawn, and after,
The masters with their women revel hold
Women who play a farce of opulent laughter
Farce cynical, obscene, with sleeves unrolled,
La corsage nupt a flowering going not hiding,
Belly that shakes with jollity, bright eyes.
Noises of orgy and of rut are gliding,
Rumbling, and hissing, till they end in cries,
A noise of jammed iron and of vessels banging,
Brauwer and Steen tilg baskets on their crowns;
Brackenburgh is two lids together clanging;
Others with pokers fiddle gridirons, clowns
Are all of them, eager to show their mettle;
They dance round those who lie with feet in air;
They scrape the frying-pan, they scrape the kettle;
And the eldest are the steadiest gluttons there,
Keenest in kisses, and the last to tumble;
With greasy nose they lick the casseroles;
One of them makes a rusty fiddle grumble,
Whose bow exhausts itself in cabrioles,
Some are in corners vomiting, and others
Are snoring with their arms hung round their seats,
Babies are bawling for their sweating mothers
To stuff their little mouths with monster teats.
Men, women, children, all stuffed full to bursting,
Appetites ravening, and instincts rife,
Furies of stomach, and of throats athirsting,
Debauchery, explosion of rich life,
In which these master gluttons, never sated,
Too genuine for insipidities,
Pitching their easels lustily, created
Between two drinking-bouts a masterpiece.

THE COWHIRD.

IN neckerchief and slackened apron goes
 The girl to graze the cows at dawn's first peep ;
 Under the willow shade herself she throws
 To finish out her sleep

Soon i she sinks she snores ; around her brow
 And naked toes the seeded grasses rise ;
 Her bulging arms are folded anyhow,
 And round them buzz the flies.

The insects that all heated places love
 Come flitting o'er the grass to bask in swarms
 Upon the mossy patch she lies above,
 And by her sprawling warms.

Sometimes her arm, with awkward empty sweep,
 Startles around her limbs the gratified
 Murmur of bees ; but, greedy still of sleep,
 She turns to the other side.

The heavy, fleshy flowers the cattle browse
 I flame in the sleeping woman as she dreams ;
 She has the heavy downness of her cows,
 Her eye with their peace glows.

Strength, that the trunk of oaks with knots embosses,
 Shines, as the sap does, in her ; and her hair
 Is browner than barley in the fields that tosses,
 Or the sand in the pathways there.

Her hands are raw, and red, and chapped : the blood
 •That through her tanned limbs rolls its waves of heat,
 Lashes her throat, and lifts her breasts, as would
 The wind lift bending wheat

Noon with a kiss of gold her rest surprises,
 Low willow branches o'er her shoulders lean,
 And blend, while heavier slumber in her eyes lies,
 With her brown hair their green.

THE ART OF THE FLEMINGS

ART of the Flemings, thou didst know them, thou,
 Who well didst love them, wenches big of bone,
 With ruddy teats, and bodies like flowers blown,
 Thy proudest masterpieces tell us how.

Whether a goddess glimmers from thy painting,
 Or nymphs with dripping hair a shepherd sees
 Rising among the lonely mides,
 Or sailors to the sirens' kisses fainting,

•Or females with full contours symbolizing
 The seasons beautiful, O glorious Art,
 These are the Masteries love-born in thy heart,
 The wenches of thy colours' gormandizing.

And to create their bodies' carnal splendour,
 Naked, and fat, and unashamed, thy brush
 Under their clear and glossy skin ma 'e blush
 A fire of unimagined colours tender.

They were a focussed light that flashed and glinted ;
 Their eyes were kindled at the stars, and on
 Thy canvases their bosoms rose and shone,
 Like great bouquets of flesh all rosy-tinted.

Sweating with love they rolled about a clearing
 'Mid in the wood, or bathed their feet in springs,
 While in the thickets full of noise of wings,
 Satyr were prowling and through branches leering,

And hid their legs, salacious, waggled, distorted ;
 Their eyes, like sparks hoing the darkness, lit
 Some leafy corner, their long mouths were slit
 With greasy smiles, their lustful nostrils snorted,

Till, dogs in rut, they leapt to their bitches ; these
 Reign flight, and shiver coldly, blushing roses,
 Pushing the satyr off the part that closes,
 Squeezing then thighs together under his knees.

And some, by madness more than his ignited,
 Rounding their naked haunches, and rich flesh
 Of glorious crowds beneath a showering mesh
 Of golden han, to wild assaults invited.

You with the life with which yourselves abounded
 Conceived them, masters or to fame, with red
 Brutalities of blood upon them shed,
 The bodies of your beauties richly bled.

No pallid women stand in listless poses
 Morosely on your canvases are seen,
 As the moon's face shimmers in water green,
 Mirroring their phthisis and chlorosis,

With foreheads sad as is the day's declining,
Sad as a dolorous music faints and dies,
With heavy-lidded, sick and glassy eyes,
In which consumption and despair are pining,

And false, affected grace of bodies faded
Upon the sofas where their time they live,
In scented dressing-gowns, of tulle,
And in chemises with a dear lace braided

Nothing your brushes show of painted faces,
Nor of indecency, nor of the nice
Hints of a cunning and inverted vice
Which with its winking eye our art debases,

Nor of the pedlar Venuses whose draping
Of curtains of the cushioned chamber hints,
Nor corners of a venal flesh that glints,
In nests out of the low-necked dress escaping,

Pricking, suggestive themes, you knew not, hunting,
Of shepherdesses in false pastorals,
No, nor voluptuous beds in hollow walls—
The pulsing women, masters, of your paintings,

In landscapes bright, or waded on by pugs
Crimsonly clad in panelled halls with gold,
Or in the purple sumptuousness unrolled
Of the god-guarded, mellow classic ages,

Your women sweated health ; they were serenely
Crimson with blood, and white with corpulence ;
Ruts they did hold in leashed obedient ice,
And led them at their heels with gesture queenly

PEASANTS.

Nor Greuze's ploughmen made insipid in
 The melting colours of his pastorals,
 So neatly dressed, so rosy, that one laughs
 To see the sugared vyll chastening
 The pastels of a Louis Quinze salon,
 But dirty, gross, and bestial—as they are.

Perched round some market town in villages,
 They know not them who traffic in the next,
 But hold them enemies to cheat and rogue.
 Their fatherland? Not one believes in it,
 Except that it makes soldiers of their sons,
 To steal their labour for a span of years.
 What is the fatherland to yokels? They
 See only, in a corner of their brains,
 Vaguely, the king, magnificent man of gold,
 In the braided velvet of his purple robes,
 A sceptre, and gemmed crowns escutcheoning
 The panelled walls of gilded palaces,
 Guarded by sentinels with tasselled swords.
 This do they know of power. It is enough.
 And for the rest their heavy feet would march
 In clogs through duty, liberty, and law.
 In everything by instinct ankylosed,
 A dirty almanac is all they read;
 And though they hear the distant cities roaring,
 So terrified are they by revolutions,
 That they are riveted to sordid, chains,
 Fearing, if they should tear, the iron heel.

Along the black roads hollowed out with ruts,
 Dung-heaps in front and cinder-heaps behind,
 Stretch with low roofs and naked walls their huts

Under the buffeting wind and lashing rain.
These are their farms. And yonder soars the church,
Stained, to the north, with oozes of verdigris,
And farther, squared with ditches, lie their fields,
Fertile in patches, thanks to fat manure,
And to the harrow's unrelenting teeth.
There they keep tilling with their obstinate hands
The black glebe mined by moles, and rotten with
Detritus, pregnant with the autumn's sperm
With dripping brow they drive the spade in deep,
Doubled above the furrows they must sow,
Under the hail of March that whips their back.
And in the summer, when the ripe rye rocks
With golden glints under the pouring sun,
Here, in the fire of long and torrid days,
Their restless sickle shaves the vast wheat field,
While from their wrinkled foreheads runs the sweat,
Opening their skin from shoulders down to hips.
Noon darts its brazier rays upon their heads;
So raw the heat is that in meshin fields
The too dry ears burst open, and the beasts,
Their necks with gadflies riddled, pant in the sun.
And let November slow to die arrive,
Rolling his hectic rattle through deaf woods,
Howling his sols and ending not his moans,
Until his death-knell sounds—still runs their sweat.
Always anew preparing future crops,
Under a sky spouting from swollen clouds,
While the north wind tears big holes in the woods,
And sweeps the broken stubble from the fields,
So that their bodies soon in ruin fall.
Let them be young and comely, broadly 'uilt,
Winter that chills, summer that calcines them,
Makes their limbs loathsome and their lungs short-breathed;

Or old, and bearing the down-weighing years,
 With clear eyes, broken back, and useless arms,
 And horror stamped upon their hedgehog face,
 They stagger under the rain-loving wind.
 And when Death opens unto them its doors,
 Their coffin sliding into the soft earth
 seems only to contain a thing twice dead.

On evenings when through eddying skies the wind
 Is whirling the swarming snow across the fields,
 Grey-headed farmers sit in reckonings lost,
 Near lamps from which a thread of smoke ascends.
 The kitchen is unkempt and slatternly :
 A string of dirty children by the stove
 Gorge the spilt remnants of the evening meal ;
 Mangi and bony eats lick dishes clean ;
 Cocks make their beaks ring upon pewter plates ;
 Damp soaks the leprous walls ; and on the hearth
 Four flickering logs are twisting meagre shanks
 Dying with livid tongues of pale red ray ;
 The old men's heads are full of bitter thoughts,
 " For all the seasons' unrelenting toil,
 With all hands at the plough a hundred years,
 The farm has passed from father on to son,
 And, with good year and bad, remains the same,
 Jogging along upon the brink of ruin.
 This is what gnaws and bites them w^th slow tooth.
 So like an ulcer hate is in their hearts,
 Patient and cunning hate with smiling face.
 Their frank and loud good nature hatchet rage ;
 Wickedness glimmers in their icy looks ;
 They stink of the rancorous gall that, age by age,
 Their sufferings have collected in their souls.

Keen are they on the slightest gain, and mean ;
 Since they can not enrich themselves by work,
 Stinginess makes their hearts hard, their hearts feld ;
 And black their mind is, set on petty things,
 And stupid and confounded before great ;
 As they had never raised their eyes unto
 The sun, and seen magnificent sunsets
 Spread on the evening, like a crimson lake.

BUT kermesse is for them a festival,
 Even for the dirtiest, the stingiest,
 There go the lads to keep the wenches warm
 A huge meal, greased with bacon and hot sauce,,
 Makes their throats salty and enflames their thirst
 They roll in the inns, with rounded guts, and hearts
 Aflame, and break the jaws and necks of those
 Come from the neighbouring town, who try, by God !
 To lick the village girls too greedily,
 And gorge a plate of beef that is not theirs

Savings are squandered for the girl must dance,
 And every chap must treat his mate, until
 The bottles strew the floor in ugly heaps
 The proudest of their strength drain huge beer mugs,
 Their faces fire-plated, darting flight,
 Horrid with bloodshot eyes and clammy mouth,
 In the dark rumbling revels, kindle suns
 The orgy grows. A stinking wine foams
 In a white froth along the causey chunks
 Like slaughtered beasts are reeling tops, floored
 Some are with short steps steadyng their gait,
 While others solo bawl a song's refrain,
 Hindered by hiccoughing and vomiting

In brawling groups they ramble through the town,
Calling the wenches, catching hold of them,
Hugging them, shoving at them,
Letting them go, and pulling them back in rut,
Throwing them down with flying skirts and legs.
In the taverns—where the smoke curls like grey fog
And climbs to the ceiling, where the gluing sweat
Of heat i, unwashed bodies, and their smells
Dull winebow-panes and pewter-pots with steam—
To see battalions of couples crowd
In growing numbers round the painted tables,
It looks as if their crush would smash the walls.
More furiously still they go on swilling,
Stamping and blustering and raging through
The cries of the heavy piston and shrill flute
Yokels in blue smocks, old lags in white bonnets,
And livid urchins smoking pipes picked up,
All of them jostle, jump, and grunt like pigs.
And sometimes sudden wedges of new-comers
Crush in a corner the quadrille that looks,
So unrestrained it is, like a mixed fight.
Then try they who can bawl the loudest, who
Can push the tidal wave back to the wall,
Though with a knife's thrust he should stab his man.
But the band now reloubles its loud din,
Covers the quarrelling voices of the lads,
And mingles all in leaping fun
They calm down, joke, touch glasses, drunk as lords.
The women in their turn get hot and drunk,
Lust's carnal acid in their blood corrodes,
And in these billowing bodies, surging backs,
Freed instinct grows to such a heat of rut,
That to see lads and lasses wriggling and writhing,
With jostling bodies, screams, and blows of fists,
Crushing embraces, biting kisses, to see them

Rolling dead drunk into the corners, wallowing
Upon the floor, knocking themselves against
The panels, sweating, and frothing at the lips,
Their two hands, their ten fingers ransacking
And emptying torn corsages, it seems—
Just is being lit at the black fire of rape
Before the sun burns with red flames, before
The white mists fall in swaths, the recking inns
Turn the unsteady revellers out of doors.
The kermesse in exhaustion ends, the crowd
Wend their way homewards to their sleeping farms,
Screaming their oaths of parting as they go.
The aged farmers too, with hanging arms,
Their faces daubed with dregs of wine and beer,
Stagger with zigzag feet towards their farms
Islanded in the billowing seas of wheat.

FOGS.

*
You melancholy fogs of winter roll
Your pestilential sorrow o'er my soul,
And swathe my heart with your long winding-sheet
And drench the livid leaves beneath my feet.
While far away upon the heaven's bounds,
Under the sleeping plain's wet wadding, sounds
A tired, lamenting angelus that dies
With faint, frail echoes in the empty skies,
So lonely, poor, and timid that a rook,
Hid in a hollow archstone's dripping nook,
Hearing it sob, awakens and replies,
Sickening the o'erful hush with ghastly cries,
Then suddenly grows silent, in the dread
That in the bony tower the bell is dead.

ON THE COAST.

A blustering wind the scattered vapour crowds
 And shakes the horizon, where the dawn bursts, by
 A charge that fills the ashen azure sky
 With tearing, galloping, mad, milky clouds.

The white, clear day, day without mist or rain,
 With spring manes, gilt flanks, and fiery croups,
 In a flight of pallid silver and foam, their troops
 Career across the ether's azure plain.

And still then ardour grows, until the eve's
 Black gesture cuts the vast of space, and heaves
 Their masses towards the squall that landward blares,

While the ample sun of June, fallen from Heaven's
 vault,
 Withes, bleeding, in their vehement assault,
 Like a red stallion in a rut of mares.

HOMAGE.

I.

To heap in there your head resse-fair,
 By double, frayed, savoury breads embossed,
 The rosy skin by which your eyes are glossed,
 Your belly's curly flax of reddish hair,

My verse, I will weave as, at their doors
 Seated, old basket-makers curb and twine
 White and brown osiers in a clear design,
 Copying enamelled tessellated floors,

Until your body's gold within them teems ;
 And like a garland I will wear them, spun
 In massive blonde heaps on my head, in the sun,
 Haughtily proud, as a strong man beseems.

YOUR rich flesh minds me of the centauresses,
 Whose arms Paul Rubens rounded in his dyes
 Of fire beneath a weight of sun-washed tresses,
 Pointing their breasts to lion-cubs' green eyes

Your blood was theirs, when in the mazy gloaming
 Under some star that lit the brazen sky,
 They heard a stranger in the sea-fog roaming,
 And hailed some Hercules astray and by ;

And when with quivering senes hot for kisses,
 And belly for the unknown gaping, then
 Arms they were twisting, calling to mad blisses
 Huge, swarthy caterpillars of rut on a body bare

CANTICLES

LIKE lissom lizards drinking the sun's fire
 Of gold, with great wide eyes and bronze nailed feet
 Crawl towards your body my long, green desires

In the full torrid noon of summer heat
 I have bedded you in a nook at a field's edge,
 Where the tanned meslin shoot, a slanting wedge

Heat is suspended o'er us like a dais ;
 The sky prolongs the vast expanse, gold-plated ;'
 Afar the Scheldt a dwindling, silver way is ;

Lascivious, huge, you lie there yet unsated ;
 Like hissom lizards drinking the sun's fires
 Of go'd, crawl back to you my spent desires.

II.

My love shall be the gorgeous sun that robes
 With torrid summer and with idlenesses
 Your body's naked slopes and hilly globes,

Showering its light upon you in caresses,
 And this new brazier's contact shall be in
 Tongues of an ambient gold that lick your skin.

The tragic, rolling red of dawn and eve,
 And the day's beauty you shall be ; with hues
 Of splendour you a billowy robe shall weave ;

Your flesh shall be like fabulous statues,
 Which in the desert sang, and shone like roses,
 When morning b'rned their blocks with apotheoses.

III.

I WOULD not choose the sunflowers that unclose
 In day light ; nor the lily long of stem ;
 Nor roses loving winds to fondle them ;
 No, nor great nenuphars whose pulp morose,

And wide, cold eyes, charged with eternity,
 Upon their imaging pond yawn idle-lipped
 Their stirless dreams ; nor flowers despotic, whipped
 By wrath and wind along a hostile sea,

To symbolize you. No, but shivering wet
 Under the dawn, with great red calyx leaves
 Mingling as jets of blood are fused in sheaves,
 A group of garden dahlias closely set,

Which, in voluptuous days of autumn, bright
 With matter's hot maturity and heats,
 Like monstrous and vermillion women's teats,
 Grow stiff beneath the golden hands of light

DYING MEN.

SHARP with their ills, and lonely in their dying,
 The sceptic sick watch by their chamber fire,
 With haggard eyes, the evening magnifying
 The house-fronts, and the blackening church-spires

The hour is dead where in some never crowded
 City by time extinguished, desolate,
 They lie immured in walls by mourning shrouded,
 And hear the monument's hinges grate.

Haggard and lone, they gaze at Death unbroken,
 Like grim old wolves, the hieratic sick ;
 Life and its days idantic they have eaten,
 Their hate, their fate, diseases clustering thick.

But shaken in their cynical assurance,
 And in their haughtiness and pale disgust,
 They ask " Is happiness not in endurance
 Of wilful suffering, suffering loved with lust ? "

Of old they felt their hearts go out to others ;
 Benevolent, they pitied alien griefs ;
 And, like apostles, loved their suffering brothers,
 And feared their pride, cabin'd in dead beliefs.

But now they think that love is more cemented
 By cruelty than kindness, which is vain.
 What of the few, chance tears they have prevented ?
 How many more have flowed ? Decreed is pain.

Empty the golden islands are, where lingers
 In golden mist Dream in a mantle spun
 Of purple, skimming foam with idle fingers
 From silent gold rained by a teeming sun.

Broken the proud masts, and the waves are churning !
 Steer to extinguished ports the vessel's prow :
 No lighthouse stretches its immensely burning
 Arm to the great stars — dead the fires are now.

Haggard and lone, they gaze at Death unbeaten,
 Like grim old wolves, the "literate" sick ;
 Last and its days idiotic they have eaten,
 Their hate, then fat, diseases encircling thick.

With nails of wood they beat hot foreheads. Cages
 Of bones for fevers are their bodies. Blind
 Then eyes, their lips like withered parchment pages.
 A bitter sand beneath then teeth they grind.

Now in their extinct souls a longing blazes
 •To sail, and in a new world live again,
 Whose sunset like a smoking tripod raises
 The God of shade and ebony in its brain ;

• In a ~~far~~ land of tempests raging madly,
 In lands of fury hoarse and livid dreams,
 Where man can drown, ferociously and giddily,
 His soul and all his heart in fiery streams

They are the tragic sick sharp with diseases ;
 Haggard and lone they watch the town fires fade ;
 And pale façades are waiting till it pleases
 Their crumbling bodies have their coffins made

THE ARMS OF EVENING.

WHILE the cold night stories its terrace, gored
 And dying evening throws upon the heath,
 And forest fringed with marshes underneath,
 The gold of his armbout and the flash of his sword,

Which wave to wave go floating on, too soon
 Yet to have lost day's flaunting ardent glow,
 But kissed already by the shadowed, slow
 Lips of the pious, silver-handed moon,

The lonely moon remembering the day,
 Whose brandished weapons made a golden glare,
 A pale wraith in the paleness of the air,
 The moon for ever pale and far away !

THE MILL.

DEEP in the evening slowly turns the mill
 Against a sky with melancholy pale;
 It turns and turns, its muddy-coloured sail
 Is infinitely heavy, tired, and ill

Its arms, complaining arms, in the dawn's pink
 Rose, rose and fell; and in this o'ercast eve,
 And deadened nature's silence, still they heave
 Themselves aloft, and weary till they sink.

Winter's sick day lies on the fields to sleep;
 The clouds are tired of sombre journeyings;
 And past the wood that gathered shadow flings
 The rats towards a dead horizon creep.

Around a pale pond huts of beechwood built
 Despondently squat near the rusty reeds;
 A lamp of brass hang from the ceiling bleeds
 Upon the wall and windows blots of gilt.

And in the vast plain, with their ragged eyes
 Of windows patched, the suffering hovels watch
 The worn-out mill the bleak horizon notch,—
 The tired mill turning, turning till it dies.

IN PIJOUS MOON.*

THE winter lifts its chalice of pure night to heaven.

And I uplift my heart, my night-worn heart in turn,
 O Lord, my heart! to thy pale, infinite Inane,

And yet I know that nought the impenishable urn
May plenish, that nought is, whereof this heart dies faint;
And I know thee a lie, and with my lips make prayer
And with my knees; I know thy great, shut hands
averse,
Thy great eyes closed, to all the clamour of despair;
It is I, who dream myself into the universe;
Have pity on my wandering wits' entire discord;
Needs must I weep my woe towards thy silence, Lord!

The winter lifts its chalice of pure night to heaven.

—OSMAN EDWARDS.

THE FERRYMAN.

WITH hands on oars the ferryman
Strove where the stubborn current ran,
With a green reed between his teeth.

But she who hailed him from the bank,
Beyond the waves, among the rushes rank
That rim the rolling heath,
Into the mists receded more and more

The windows, with their eyes,
And the dials of the towers upon the shore,
Watched him, with doubled back,
Straining and toiling at the oar,
And heard his muscles crack.

Of a sudden broke an oar,
Which the current bore
On heavy waves down to the sea.

And she who hailed him from the mist,
 In the blustering wind, appeared
 More madly still her arms to twist,
 Towards him who never neared

The ferryman took to the oar remaining
 With such a might,
 Till all his body cracked with straining,
 And his heart shook with feverish flight.

A sudden shock, the rudder tore,
 And the current bore
 This remnant to the sea.

The windows on the shore,
 Like eyes with fever great,
 And the dials of the towers, those widows straight
 That in their thousands throng
 A river bank, were obstinately staring
 At this mad fellow obstinately daring
 His crazy voyage to prolong.

And she who hailed him there with chattering teeth,
 Howled and howled in the mists of night,
 With head stretched out in frantic flight
 To the unknown, the vast, and rolling heath.

The ferryman, a statue stands,
 Bronze in the storm that paled his blood,
 With the one oar arm in his hands,
 Beat the waves, and bit the flood.
 His old hallucinated eyes
 See the lit distances rejoice,
 Whence reaches him the lamentable voice,
 Under the freezing skies.

His last oar breaks,
His last oar the current takes,
Like a straw, down to the sea.

The ferryman exhausted sank
Upon his bench, with sweat that poured
His loins with vain exertion sore,
A high wave struck on the log board,
He looked, behind him by the bank.
He had not left the shore

The windows and the dials gazed,
With eyes they opened wide, amazed,
Where all his strength to run ran;
But the old, stubborn ferryman
Kept all the same, for God knows when,
The green reed in his teeth, even then.

THE RAIN.

As reeled from an exhaustless bobbin, the long run,
Interninably through the long gray day,
Lines the green window pane
With its long threads of gray,
The reeled, exhaustless run,
The long run,
The rain.

It has been ravelling out, since last sunset,
Rags hanging soft and low
From sulky skies of jet.
Unravelling, patient, slow,

Upon the roads, since last sunset,
On roads and streets,
Continual sheets.

Along the leagues that wind
Through quiet suburbs to the fields behind,
Along the roads interminably bending,
In funeral procession, drenched, resigned,
Toiling, bathed in sweat and steam,
Vehicles with tilted coverings are wending;
In ruts so regular,
And parallel so far
By night to join the firmament they seem,
The water drips hour after hour,
The spouts gush, and the trees shower,
With long rain wet,
With rain tenacious yet.

Rivers o'er rotten dikes are brimming
Upon the meadows where drowned hay is swimming;
The wind is whipping walnut trees and alders,
And big black oxen wading stand
Deep in the water of the polders,
And bellow at the writhen sky;
And evening is at hand,
Bringing its shadows to ensold the plain, and lie
Clustered at the washed tree's root;
And ever falls the rain,
The long rain,
As fine and dense as soot.

The long rain,
The long rain falls afresh;
And its identic thread

Weaves mesh by mesh
 A raiment making naked shred by shred
 The cottages and farmyards gray
 Of hamlets crumbling fast away ;
 A bunch of linen rags that hang down sick
 • Upon a loosely planted stick
 Here a blue dovecote to the roof that cleave ,
 Sinister window panes
 Plastered with paper rank with mildew stain ,
 Dwellings whose regular eyes
 Form crosses on their gable ends of stone ;
 Uniform, melancholy mills ,
 Standing like horns upon their hills ;
 Chapels, and spires with ivy overgrown .
 The rain
 The long rain
 Winter-long beneath them burrow

The rain, in lines ,
 The long, gray rain untwines
 Its watery tresses o'er its furrows ,
 The long rain
 Of countries old ,
 Torpid, eternally unrolled .

THE FISHERMEN.

UP from the sea a slaty, dank ,
 Thickening fog rolls up, and chokes
 Windows and closed doors, and smokes
 Upon the slippery river bank .

Drowned gleams of gas-lamps shake and fall
 Where rolls the river's carion ;

The moon looks like a corpse, and on
The heaven's rim its burial.

But flickering lanterns now and then
Light up and magnify the backs,
Bent obstinately in their smacks,
O, the old river fishermen,
Who all the time, from last sunset,
For that night's fishing none can know,
Have cast their black and greedy net,
Where silent, evil waters flow.

Deep down beyond the reach of eye
Fates of Evil gathering throng,
Which lure the fishers where they lie
To fish for them with patience strong,
True to their task of simple toiling
In contradictory fogs embroiling.

And o'er them peal the minutes stark,
With heavy hammers peal their knells,
The minutes sound from belfry bells,
The minutes hard of autumn dark,
The minutes list.

And the black fishers in their ships,
In their cold slugs, are clad in shreds ;
Down their cold nape their old hat drips
And drop by drop in water shed,
All the mist.

Their villages are numb and freeze ;
Their huts are all in ruin sunk,
And the willows and the walnut-trees
The winds of the west have whipped and shrunk

And not a bark comes through the dark,
And never a cry through the void midnight,
That floated, humid ashes blight

And never helping one another,
Never brother hailing brother,
Never doing what they ought,
For himself each fisher's thought
And the first draws his net, and seizes
All the fry of his poverty ;
And the next drags up, as keen as he,
The empty bottoms of diseases ;
Another opens out his net
To grieves that on the surface swim,
And another to his vessel's rim
Pulls up the flotsam of regret.

The river churns, league after league,
Along the dikes, and runs away,
As it has done so many a day,
To the far horizon of fatigue ;
Upon its banks skins of black clay
By night perspire a poison draught ;
The dogs are fleeced far to waist,
And to men's houses journey they.

Never a lantern streaks the dark,
And nothing stirs in the fisher's bark,
Save, nimbusing with halos of blood.
The thick white felt of the clustering logs
Silent Death, who with madness clog,
The brains of the fishermen on the flood.

Lonely at the fog's cold heart,
 Each sees not each, though side by side ;
 Their arms are tired, their vessels ride
 By sandbanks marked on ruin's chart.

Why in the dark do they not hail each other ?
 Why does a brother's voice console not brother ?

No, limb and haggard they remain,
 With vaulted back and heavy brain,
 With, by their side, their little light
 Rigid in the river's night.
 Like blocks of shadow there they are,
 And never pierce their eyes afar
 Beyond the acrid, spongy wet :
 And they suspect not that above,
 Luring them with a magnet's love,
 Stars immense are shining yet.

These fishers in black torment tossed,
 They are the men immensely lost
 Among the knells and far aways
 And far beyonds where none can gaze ;
 And in their souls' monotonous deeps
 The humid autumn midnight weeps.

SILENCE.

SINCE last the summer broke above her
 A flash of lightning from his thunder-sheath,
 Silence has never left her cover
 In the heather on the heath.

Across her refuge peers the steeple,
 And with its fingers shakes its bells ;
 Around her prowl the vehicles,
 Laden with uproarious people ;
 And her, where the fir-trees end,
 In its rut the cart-wheel grates ;
 But never a noise has strength to rend
 The tense, dead space where silence waits.

Since the last loud thunder weather,
 Silence has stirred not in the heather ;
 And the heath, wherein the evenings sink,
 Beyond the endless thickets, and
 The purple mounds of hidden sand,
 Lengthens her haunts to heaven's brink

And even winds stir not the slim
 Larches at the marsh's rim,
 Where she will glass her abstract eyes
 In pools where wondering lilies rise ;
 And only brushes her the clouds'
 Shadow when they rush in crowds,
 Or else the shadow of a flight
 Of hovering hawks at heavens' height.

Since the last flash of lightning streaked the plain,
 Nothing has bitten, in her vast domain.

And those who in her realm did roam,
 Whether it were in dawn or gloam,
 They all have felt their hearts held fast
 In spells of mystery she has cast.
 She, like an ample, final force,
 Keeps on the same unbroken course ,

Black walls of pinewoods gloom and bar
 The paths of hope that gleam afar,
 Clusters of dreamy junipers
 Frighten the feet of wanderers ;
 Malignant ivy intertwine
 With paths of cunning curve and line,
 And the sun every moment shifts
 The goal to which confusion drifts.

Since the lightning that the storm forged bit,
 The bitter silence at the corners sour
 Of the heath, has changed no whit.

The shepherds with their hundred years worn out,
 And the spent dogs that follow them about,
 See her, on golden dunes where shadows slit,
 Or in the noiseless moorland, sometimes sit,
 Immense, beneath the outspread wing of Night ;
 Then waters on the wrinkled pond take fright ;
 And the heather veils itself and palely glistens,
 And every leaf in every thicket listens,
 And the incendiary sunset stills
 The last cry of his light that o'er her thrills.

And the hamlets neighbouring her, beneath
 Their thatch of hovels on the heath,
 Slaver with terror, feeling her
 Dominant, though he do not stir ;
 Mournful, and tired, and helpless they
 Stand in her presence as at bay,
 And watch benumbed, and nigh to swoon,
 Fearing, when mists shall lift, to see,
 Suddenly opening under the moon,
 The silver eyes of her mystery.

THE ROPE-MAKER.

AT the dike's foot that wearily
Curves along the sinuous sea,
The visionary, silver-haired
Rope-maker with arms bared,
Pulling backwards as he stands,
Rolls together, with prudent hands,
The twisting play of endless twine,
Coming from the far sky-line.

Down yonder in the sunset sheen,
In the twilight tirel and chill,
A busy wheel is whizzing still,
Moved by one who is not seen ;
But, parallel on stakes that space
The road from equal place to place,
The yellow hemp that the roper draws
Runs in a chain that never flaws.

With skilful fingers thin and old,
Fearing to break the glint of gold
That with his work the gliding light
Blends by the houses growing dun,
The visionary roper weaves
Out of the heart of the eddying eves,
And draws the horizons unto him

Horizons ? Those of red sunsets -
Furies, hatred, fights, regrets,
Sobs of beings broken-hearted,
Horizons of the days departed,
Writhen, golden, overcast ;
Horizons of the living past.

Of old—the life of strayed somnambulists,
 When the right hand of God to Canaan's blue
 The road of gold through gloaming deserts drew,
 Through morns and evenings swayed with shifting mists.

Of old--exasperated life careering
 Hanging from stallions' manes, lighting the dense
 Darkness with heels that flashed out gleams immense,
 Towards immensity immensely rearing.

Of old—it was a life of burning heaven ;
 When the Red Cross of Hell and Heaven's White
 Through miles of marshalled mail that shed the light
 Marched each through blood towards its victory's heaven.

Of old—it was a foaming, lurid life,
 Living and dead, with tocsin bells and crime,
 Edicts and massacres reddening the time,
 With mad and splendid death above the strife.

Between the flax and osiers,
 On the road where nothing stirs,
 Along the houses growing dim,
 The visionary roper weaves
 Out of the heart of the eddying eves,
 And draws the horizon up-to him.

Horizons? There they linger yet :
 Toil, and science, struggle, fret
 Horizons? There at even-chime,
 They in their mirrors show the mourning
 Image of the present time.

Now, a mass of fires that belch defiance,
Where wise men, leagued in mighty storm and stress,
Hurl the gods down to change the nothingness
Whereunto strives the force of human science.

Now, lo! a room that ruthless thought has swept,
Weighed and exactly measured, and men sweat
The firmament is arched by empty air;
And Death is in glass bottles corked and kept

Now, lo! a glowing furnace, and resistance
Of matter molten in fire's dragon dens;
New strengths are forged, far mightier than men's,
To swallow up the night, and time, and distance.

Here, lo! a palace tiredly built, and lying
Beneath a century's weight, bowed down and yellow,
And whence, in terror, mighty voices bellow,
Invoking thunder towards adventure flying.

Upon the regular road, with eyes
Fixed where the silent sunset dies,
And leaves the houses drear and dim,
The visionary roper weaves
Out of the heart of the eddying eyes,
And draws the horizons unto him

Horizons? Where 'yon sunset beams.
Combats, hopes, awakenings, gleams,
The horizons he can see defined
In the future of his mind,
Far beyond the shores that swim
Sketched in the sky of sunsets dim.

Up yonder—in the calm skies hangs a red
 Staircase of double gold with steps of blue,
 With Dream and Science mounting it, the two
 Who separately climb to one stair-head.

The lightning clash of contraries expires ;
 Doubt's mournful fist its fingers opes, while wed
 Essential laws that had been wont to shed
 In heraldic doctrines their fragmentary fires.

Up yonder—mind more strong and subtle darts
 Its violence past death and what is seen.
 And universal love sheds a serene
 And mighty silence over tranquil hearts.

The God in evry human heart, above,
 Unfolds, expands, and his own being sees
 In those who sometimes fall upon their knees
 To worship sacred grief and humble love.

Up yonder—living peace is burning bright,
 And shedding on these lands, down evening's slope
 A bliss that kindles, like the brands of hope,
 In the air's ash the great stars of the night.

At the dike's foot that wears
 Curves along the sinuous sea
 Towards the distant eddying spaces,
 The visionary roper paces
 Along the houses growing dim,
 And drinks the horizons into him.

SAINT GEORGE.

By a broad flash the fog was split,
And Saint George, with gold and jewels lit,
Came down the slope of it.
With feathers flaming from his crest,
Riding a charger with a milky breast,
And in its mouth no bit.

With diamonds decked the two
Made of their fall a path of pity to
This earth of ours from Heaven's blue.

Heroes with helpful virtues dowered,
Sonorous with courage, heroes crystalline,
O through my heart now let the radiance shine
That from his aureolar sword is showered !
O let^{*} me hear the silver prattle
Of the wind around his coat of mail,
And around his spurs in battle ;
Saint George, who shall prevail,
He who has heard the cries of my distress,
And comes to save from scaith
My poor arms stretched unto his great prowess !

Like a loud cry of faith,
He holds his lance at rest,
Saint George ;
He passes, I behold
A victory as of a haggard gold,
I see his forehead with the Christ[†] blessed
Saint George of duty,
Bright with his heart's and his own beauty.

Sound, all ye voices of my hope !
 Sound in myself, and on the sun-swept slope,
 And high roads, and the shaded avenue !
 And, gleams of silver between stones, be you
 Joy, and you p. biles white with waters ope
 Your eyes, and look
 Up through the brook
 Whose ripples o'er you roll,
 And, 'andscape with thy crimson lakes, be thou
 The mirror of the flights of flame that now
 Saint George takes to my soul !

Against the black dragon's teeth,
 Against the pustules of a leprous skin
 He is the glaive and the miraculous sheath.
 Charity on his cuirass burns, and in
 His courage is the bounding overthrow
 Of instinct swart with sin

Fine golden-sifted, fire that wheels,
 And eddying stars in which his glory lies,
 Flashed from his charger's galloping heels,
 Dazzle my memory's eyes.

The beautiful ambassador is he
 From the white country that with marble glows,
 Where in the parks, on the sea's strand, and on the
 tree
 Of goodness, kindness gently grows

The port, he knows it, where the vessels ride,
 With angels filled, upon a rippling tide ;
 And the long evenings lighting islands fair
 But motionless upon their waters, where,
 And in eyes also, firmaments are seen.

This kingdom hath the Virgin for its Queen,
 And St. George is the humble joy of her palace,
 In the air his falchion glimmers like a chalice ;
 Saint George with his devouring light,
 Who like a fire of gold dispels my spirit's night.

He knows how far my feet have wandered,
 He knows the strength that I have squandered,
 And with what fogs my brain has fought,
 He knows what keen assassin knives
 Have cut black crosses in my thought,
 He knows my scorn of rich men's lives,
 He knows the mask of wrath and folly
 Upon the dregs of my melancholy.

I was a coward in my flight
 Out of the world in my sick, vain defiance ;
 I have lifted, under the roof of night,
 The golden marbles of a hostile science
 To the barred summits of black oracles ;
 But the King of the Night is Death ;
 And man but in the dawning's breath
 His enigmatic effort spells,
 When flowers unclose, prayer too uncloses,
 With the scent of prayer their lips are sweet,
 And the white sun on a nacreous water-sheet
 Is a kiss that on man's lips reposes ;
 Dawn is a counsel to be bold,
 And he who hearkens is tenfold
 Saved from the marsh that never yet cleansed sin.

Saint George in cuirass glittering
 With leaps of fire sprung
 Unto my soul through the fresh morning ;
 He was beautiful with faith and young ;

And more to me he bent
 As he beheld me penitent ;
 As from an intimate golden phial
 He filled me with his soaring ;
 Though he was proud unto my sight,
 I laid the sweet flowers of my trial
 In his pale hand of blest restoring ;
 Then signed he, ere he did depart,
 My brow with his lance's cross of gold,
 Bade me be of good cheer and bold,
 And soared, and bore to God my heart.

IN THE NORTH.

TWO ancient mariners from the Northern Main
 One autumn eve came sailing home again,
 From Sicily and its deceitful islands,
 Carrying a shoal of sirens
 On board

Sharpened with pride they sail into their bay ;
 Among the mists that mark the homeward way
 They cut their passage like a sword ;
 Under a mournful and monotonous gale,
 One autumn evening of a sadness pale,
 Into their northern fjord they sail.

From the safe shore the burghers of the haven
 Gaze listless, cold, and craven
 And on the masts, and in the ropes, behold
 The sirens covered with gold
 Biting, like vines,
 Their bodies' sinuous lines.

The burghers gaze with closed and sullen mouth,
Nor see the ocean booty of the south,
Brought in the fog's despite :
The vessel seems a basket silver-white,
Laden with flesh and fruit and gold for home,
Advancing borne on wings of foam.

The sirens sing, and in the cordage they
With arms stretched out in lyres,
And lifted breasts like fires,
Sing and sing a lay
Before the rolling eve,
Which reaps upon the sea the lights of day ;
The sirens sing, and cleave
Around the masts as curves the handle of the urn,
And still the citizens, uncouth and taciturn,
Hear not the song.

They do not know their friends away so long—
The ancient mariners twain—nor understand
The vessel is of their own land,
Neither the foegibs of their own
Making, nor the souls themselves have sewn ;
Of this deep dream they fathom naught,
Which makes the sea glad with its journeyings,
Since it was not the lie of all the things
That in their village to their youth were taught.
And the ship passes by the harbour mole,
Luring them to the wonder of its soul,
But none will gather them the fruit's
Of flesh and gold that load the treilised shoots.

THE TOWN.

EVERY road goes to the town.

Under the mist that the sun illumines,
She, where her terraces arise
And taper to the terraced skies,
Herself as from a dream exhumes.

Under glimmer looking down,
Bridges trimmed with iron lace,
Leaps in air and caught in space :
Blocks and columns like the head
Of a Gorgon gashed and red ;
O'er the suburbs chimneys tower ;
Gables open like a flower,
Under stagnant roofs that frown.

This is the many-tentacled town,
This is the flaming octopus,
The osuary of all of us.
At the country's end she waits,
Feeling towards the old estates.

Meteoric gas-lamps line
Docks where tufted masts entwine ;
Still they burn in noon-tides cold,
Monster egg, of viscous gold :
Never seems the sun to shine
Mouth as it is of radiance, shut
By reeking smoke and driving smut.

A river of pitch and naphtha rolls
By wooden bridges, mortared moles ;

And the raw whistles of the ships
 Howl with fright in the fog that grips.
 With a red signal light they peer
 Towards the sea to which they steer.

• Quays with clashing butter, groan ;
 Carts grate o'er the cobble stone ;
 Cranes are cubes of shadow raising,
 And slipping them in cellars blazing ;
 Bridges opening lift a vast
 Gibbet till the ships have passed ;
 Letters of brass inscribe the world,
 On roofs, and walls, and shop-fronts curled,
 Face to face in battle massed

Wheels file and file, the drosky plies,
 Trains are rolling, effort flies,
 And like a prow becalmed, the glare
 Of gilded stations here and there ;
 And, from their platforms, ramified
 Rails beneath the city glide,
 In tunnels and in craters, whence
 They storm in network flashing thin
 Out into hubbub, dust, and din.

This is the many tentacled town.

The street, with eddies tied like ropes
 Around its squares, runs out and gropes
 Along the city up and down,
 And runs back far enlaced, and lined
 With crowds inextricably twined,
 Whose mad feet beat the flags beneath,
 Whose eyes are filled with hate, whose teeth
 • Snatch at the tune they cannot catch.

Dawn, eve, and night, lost in the press,
 They welter in their weariness,
 And cast to chance the bitter seed
 Of labour that no gain can breed.
 And dust black with insanity
 Where poisoned sits the clerk and fasts ;
 And banks wide open to the blasts
 Of the winds of their insanity.

Outside, in walling of the damp,
 Red lights in streaks, like burning rags,
 Straggle from reeking lamp to lamp.
 And alcohol goads life that lags.
 The bar upon the causey masses
 Its tabernacle of looking-glasses,
 Reflecting drunken louts, and hags.
 To and fro a young girl passes,
 And sells lights to the lolling men ;
 Debauch buys famine in her den ;
 And carnal lust ignited salutes
 To dance to death in rotten alleys.

Lust roars and leaps from breast to breast,
 Whipped to a rage uproarious,
 To a blind crush of limbs in quest
 Of the pleasure of gold and phosphorus ;
 And in and out wan women fare,
 With sexual symbols in their hair.
 The atmosphere of reeking dun
 At times recedes towards the sun,
 As though a loud cry called to Peace
 To bid the deafening noises cease ;
 But all the city puffs and blows
 With such a violent snort and flush,
 That the dying seek in vain the hush
 Of silence that eyes need to close.

Such is the Gay—and when the eyes
 With ebony hammers carve the skies,
 Over the plain the city heaves
 Its shimmer of colossal lies,
 Her haunting, gilt desires arise;
 Her radiance to the stars is cast;
 She gathers her gas in golden sheaves,
 Her rails are highways flying fast
 To the mirage of happiness
 That strength and fortune seem to bless;
 Like a great army swell her wall;
 And all the smoke she still sends down
 Reaches the fields in radiant calls.

This is the many-tentacled town,
 This is the burning octopus,
 The ossuary of all of us,
 The carcase with solemn candles lit.

And all the long ubiquitous
 Roads and pathways reach to it.

THE MUSIC-HALL.

UNDER the enormous fog
 Whose wings the city arteries clog,
 'Mid ringing plaudits, at the buck
 Of a radiant hall their Orients they unpick.

The acrobat on airy trestles, pot o's;
 Great suns of strass shine o'er the scene,
 Clashing their fists stand cymbal-players, lea
 Breakers of cries and noises;

And when the ballet-corps with painted faces
 In a thicket of perplexing steps appear,
 Tangling and disentangling labyrinthine paces,
 The hall, hung with its gorgeous chandelier,
 That o'er a swaying sea of faces glares,
 The hall with heavy velvet clad,
 With balconies like pad on pad,
 Is like a belly that a woman bares.

Swarming battalions of flesh and thigh,
 March under arches flowered with thousand dyes ;
 Lace, petticoats, throats, legs, and hips.
 Teams of rut whose breasts, though bridled, yet
 Are bounding, yoke by yoke the coiled dance trips,
 Blue with paint and raw with sweat.

Hands, vainly opening, seem to seize
 Only invisible desire that flees ;
 A dancer, darling legs, her tights leave bare,
 Stiffens obscenity in the air ;
 Another with swimming eyes and flanks that writhe
 Shrinks like a trampled beast above the loud
 Flare of the footlights swaying with the lithc
 Lust of the gloating crowd.

O blasphemy vociferously hurled
 In crying gold on the Beauty of the world !
 Atrocious ferment of Art, while Art's home
 Is lying massacred and sunk in slime !
 O noisy pleasure sinning as it treads
 On tortured ugliness that twists and cries ;
 Pleasure against Joy's grain that nurtures heads
 With alcohol, with alcohol men's eyes ;
 O pleasure whose rank mouth calls out for flowers,
 And vomits the vile ferment it devours !

Pleasure of old, heroic, calm, and bare,
Walked with calm hands and forehead clear as air ;
The wind and the sun danced in his heart, he pressed
Divine, harmonious life to his warm breast :
His breast that breathed it in was Beauty's source ;
He knew no law that dared call Beauty coarse,
Sunrise and sunset, spring, with mosses grassed,
And the green bough that brushed him as he passed,
Thrilled to his deep soul through his flesh, and were
The kiss of things that love makes lovelier.

Now senile and debauched, he licks and eats
Sin that beguiles him with her poisoned teats ;
Now in his garden of anomalies
Bibles, codes, texts, and rules he multiplies,
And ravishes the faith he then denies
His loves are gold. His hatreds? Flights unto
Beauty that grows still lovelier, still more true,
Opening in starry flowers in heavens blue
Look where he haunts these halls of monstrous art,
Whose burning windows to the heavens dart
A restlessness by gazing still renewed :
Here is the beast transformed to a multitude.

Filled with contagion thousand eyes deflect
To find a million more they may infect ;
One mind to thousands casts its brazier fire,
To be consumed the more in sick desire,
To breed new vices, unimagined Hell.
The conscience changes, and the brain as well :
Another race is bred from putrid spawn,
A writhen black totality, a sum
Of ciphers spreading in a weltering scum,
That outrages the healthfulness of Dawn.

O shames and crimes of crowds that reek and stain
 The city like a bellowing hurricane;
 Gulfed in the plaster boxes tier on tier
 Of theatres and halls obscene and blear!

The stage is like a fan unfurled.
 Enamelled minarets grotesquely curled.
 House and terraces and avenues.
 Under the lime-light's changing hues,
 First in slow rhythms, then with violent sweep,
 Gathering swift kisses, touching breasts that leap,
 Meet the Bryadères with swaying hips;
 Negro boys, whose heads with plumes are tipped,
 With their foam-coloured teeth in lips
 Like a red vulva open ripped,
 Move all is pushed along in sluggish poses.
 A drum beats, an obstinate horn cries long,
 A raw life tickles a stupid song,
 And at the last, for the final apotheosis,
 A mad assault over the boards is sweeping,
 Gold and throats and thighs in stages heaping,
 In curled entanglements; and then all closes
 With garments splitting offering rounded shapes
 And vice half hid in flowers like tempting grapes.

And the orchestra does, or a blenly halts,
 And climbs, and swells, and rolls in whipped assaults;
 Out of the violins wrinkle spasms of ;
 Lascivious dogs in the tempest seem to bark
 Of heavy brasses and of strong bassoons,
 A manifold desire swells, sickens, swoons,
 Revives, and with such heavy violence heaves,
 The sense cries out, and helpless reels,
 And prostitutes itself to a spasm that relieves.

And midnight peals,
The dense crowd pours and at the doors unfurls.
The hall is closed—and on the black causeways,
Gaudy beneath the gaslamps' leering gaze,
Red in the fog like flesh, await the girls.

THE BUTCHIER'S STALL

HARD by the docks, soon as the shadows fold
The dizzy mansion-fronts that soar aloft,
When eyes of lamps are burning soft,
The shy, dark quarter lights ag un its old
Allurement of red vice and gold.

Women, blocks of heaped, blown meat,
Stand on low thresholds down the narrow street,
Calling to every man that passes;
Behind them, at the end of corridors,
Shine fires, a curtain stirs
And gives a glimpse of masses
Of mad and naked flesh in looking-glasses.
Hard by the docks.
The street upon the left is ended by
A tangle of high masts and shrouds that blocks
A sheet of sky,
Upon the right a net of grovelling alleys
Falls from the town—and here the black crowd rallies
To reel to rotten revelry.

It is the flabby, fulsome butcher's stall of misery,
Time out of mind erected on the frontier
Of the city and the sea.

Far-sailing melancholy mariners
 Who, wet with spray, through grey mists peer,
 Cradled among the rigging cabin-boys, and they who
 steer

Hallucinated by the blue eyes of the vast sea-spaces,
 All dream of it, evoke it when the evening falls;
 Their raw desire to madness gall,
 The wind's soft kisses hover on their faces;
 The wave awakens rolling images of soft embraces;
 And their two arms implore,
 Stretched in a frantic cry toward the shore.

And they of offices and shops, the city tribes,
 Merchants precise, keen reckoners, haggard scribes,
 Who sell their brains for hire, and tame their brows,
 When the keys of desks are hanging on the wall,
 Feel the same galling rut at even-fall,
 And run like hunted dogs to the carouse.
 Out of the depths of dusk come their dark flocks,
 And in their hearts debauch so rudely shocks
 Their ingrained greed and old accustomed care,
 That they are racked and ruined by despair.

It is the flabby, fulsome butcher's stall of luxury,
 Time out of mind erected on the frontiers
 Of the city and the sea.

Come from what far sea-isle, or pestilent parts?
 Come from what feverish or mettive marts?
 Their eyes are filled with bitter, cunning hate,
 They fight their instincts that they cannot sate;
 Around red females who besoal them, they
 Herd frenzied till the dawn of sober day.
 The panelling is fiery with lewd art;
 Out of the wall nitescence knick-knacks dart;

Fat Bacchuses and leaping satyrs in
Wan mirrors freeze an unremitting grin ;
Flowers sicken on the gaming-tables where
The warming bowls twist fire of light blue hair ;
A pot of paint curds on an étagère ;
A cat is catching flies on cushioned seats ;
A drunkard lolls asleep on yielding plush,
And women come, and o'er him bending, brush
His closed, red lids with their enormous teats
•

And women with spent loins and sleeping croups
Are piled on sofas and arm chairs in groups,
With sodden flesh grown vague, and black and blue
With the first trampling of the evening's crew
One of them slides a gold coin in her stocking .
Another yawns, and some their knees are rocking ;
Others by bacchanalia worn out,
Feeling old age, and, sniffling them, Death's snout,
Stare with wide-open eyes, torches extinct,
And smooth their legs with hands together linked.

It is the flabby, fulsome butcher's stall of luxury,
Time out of mind erected on the frontiers
Of the city and the sea.

According to the jingle of the purses
The women mingle promises with curses ;
A tranquil cynicism, a tired pleasure
Is meted duly to the money's measure.

The kiss grows weary, and the game grows tame
Often when fist with fist together clashes,
In the wind of oaths and insults still the same,
Some gaiety out of the blasphemy flashes,

But soon sinks, and you hear,
 In the silence dank and drear,
 A halting steeple near
 Sounding, sick with pity,
 In the darkness over the city.

Yet in those months by festivals sanctified,
 St. Pete in summer, in winter Christmastide,
 The ancient quarter of dirt and light,
 Soars up to sin and pounces on its joys,
 Fermenting with wild songs and boisterous noise,
 Window by window, flight by flight,
 With vice the house-fronts glow
 Down from the garret to the grids below.
 Everywhere rage roars, and couples heats.
 In the great hall to which the sailors throng,
 Pushing some jester of the streets, *
 Convulsed in obscene mimicry, along,
 The wines of foam and gold leap from their sheath
 Women fall underneath
 Mad, brawling drunkards; loosened ruts
 Flame, arms unite, and body body butts;
 Nothing is seen but instincts slaked and lit afresh,
 Breasts offered, bellies taken, and the fire
 Of haggard eyes in sheaves of brandished flesh.

The frenzy climbs, and sinks to rise still higher,
 Rolls like exasperated toles,
 And backwards elides,
 Until the moment when dawn fills the port,
 And Death, tired of the port,
 Back to ships and homesteads sweeps and harries
 The limp debauch and human weed
 That on the pavement tarries.

It is the flabby, fulsome butcher's stall of luxury,
Wherein Crime plants his knives that bleed,
Where lightning madness stains
Foreheads with rotting pains,
Time out of mind erected on the frontiers that feed
The city and the sea

A CORNER OF THE QUAY

WHEN the wind sulks, and the dune dries,
The old salts with uneasy eyes
Hour after hour peer at the skies

All are silent ; their hands turning,
A brown juice from their lips they wipe,
Never a sound save, in their pipe,
The dry tobacco burning.

That storm the almanac announces,
Where is it ? They are puzzled.
The sea has smoothed her flounces.
Winter is muzzled.

The cute ones shake their pate,
And cross their arms, and puff.
But mate by mate they wait,
And think the squall is late,
But coming sure enough.

With fingers slow, sedate
Their finished pipe they fit :
Pursuing, every salt,
Without a minute's halt,
The same idea still.

A boat sails up the bay,
As tranquil as the day;
Its keel a long net trails,
Covered with glittering scales.

Out come the men : What ho ?
When will the tempest come ?
With pipe in mouth, still dumb,
With bare foot on *sabot*,
The salts wait in a row. •

Here they lounge about,
Where all year long the stout
Fishers' dames
Sell, from their wooden frames,
Herrings and anchovies,
And by each stall a stove is,
To warm them with its flames.

Here they spit together,
Spying out the weather.
Here they yawn and doze ;
Backs bent with many a squall,
Rubbing it in rows,
Grease the wall.

And though the almanac
Is wrong about the squall,
The old salts lean their back
Against the wall,
And wait in rows together,
Watching the sea and the weather.

MY HEART IS AS IT CLIMBED A STEEP.

My heart is as it climbed a steep,
To reach your kindness fathomlessly deep,
And there I pray to you with swimming eyes.

I came so late to where you are,
You with your pity more than prodigal's surmise ;
I came from very far
Unto the two hands you were holding out,
Calmly, to me who stumbled on in doubt !
I had in me so much tenacious rust,
That gnawed with its rapacious teeth
My confidence in myself :

I was so tired, I was so spent,
I was so old with my mistrust,
I was so tired, I was so spent
With all the reads of my discontent.

So little I deserved the joy how deep
Of seeing your feet light up my wilderness,
That I am trembling still with it, and nigh to weep,
And lowly for ever is the heart you bless.

WHEN I WAS AS A MAN THAT HOPELESS PINES.

WHEN I was as a man that hopeless pines,
And pitfalls all my hours were,
You were the light that welcomed home the wanderer,
The light that from the frosted window shines
On snow at dead of night.

Your spirit's hospitable light
 Touched my heart, and hurt it not
 Like a cool hand on one with fever hot
 A clement wind of green, reviving hope
 Ran down the piled wrack of my heart's waste slope ;
 Then came stout confidence and right good will,
 Frankness, and tenderness, and at the last,
 With hand in hand held fast,
 An evening of clear understanding and of storms grown
 still.

Since, though the summer followed winter's chill,
 Both in ourselves and under skies whose deathless fires
 With gold all pathways of our thoughts adorn,
 Though love has grown immense, a great flower born
 Of proud desires,
 A flower that, without cease, to grow still more,
 In our hearts begins as e'er before,
 I still look at the little light
 Which first shone out on me in my soul's night.

LEST ANYTHING ESCAPE FROM OUR EMBRACE.

Lest anything escape from our embrace,
 Which is as sacred as a Temple's holy place,
 And so that the bright love pierce with light the body's
 mesh,
 Together we descend to the garden of your flesh.

Your breasts are there like offerings made,
 You hold your hands out, mine to greet,
 And nothing can be worth the simple meat
 Of whisperings in the shade.

The shadow of white boughs caresses
Your throat and face, and to the ground
The blossoms of your tresses
Fall unbound.

All of blue silver is the sky,
The night is a silent bed of ease,
The gentle night of the moon, whose breeze
Kisses the lilies tall and shy.

I BRING TO YOU AS OFFERING TO-NIGHT.

I BRING to you as offering to-night
My body boisterous with the wind's delight,
In floods of sunlight I have bathed my skin;
My feet are clean as the grass they waded in;
Soft are my fingers as the flowers they held;
My eyes are brightened by the tears that welled
Within them, when they looked upon the earth
Strong without end and rich with festive mirth;
Space in its living arms has snatched me up,
And whirled me drunk as from the mad wine-cup;
And I have walked I know not where, with pent
Cries that would free my heart's wild wonderment
I bring to you the life of meadow-lands;
Sweet marjoram and thyme have kissed my hands;
Breathe them upon my body, all the fresh
Air and its light and scents are in my r^ésh.

IN THE COTTAGE WHERE OUR PEACEFUL
LOVE REPOSES.

In the cottage where our peaceful love repose,
With its dear old furniture in shady nooks,
Where never a prying witness on us looks,
Save through the casement panes the climbing roses,

So sweet the days are, after olden trial,
So sweet with silence is the summer time,
I often stay the hour upon the chime
In the clock of oak-wood with the golden dial.

And then the day, the night is so much ours,
That the bush of happiness around us starts
To hear the beating of our clinging hearts,
When on your face my kisses fall in showers.

THIS IS THE GOOD HOUR WHEN THE
LAMP IS LIT.

This is the good hour when the lamp is lit.
All is calm, and consoling, and dear,
And the silence is such that you could hear
A feather falling in it.

This is the good hour when to my chair my love will sit,
As breezes blow,
As smoke will rise,
Gentle, slow.
She says nothing at first —and I am listening;
I hear all her soul, I surprise
Its gushing and glistening,
And I kiss her eyes.

This is the good hour when the lamp is lit.
 When hearts will say
 How they have loved each other through the day.

And one says such simple things :
 The first one from the garden brings ;
 The flower that one has seen
 Opening in mosses green ;

And the heart will of a sudden thrill and glow,
 Remembering some faded word of love
 Found in a drawer beneath a cast-off glove
 In a letter of a year ago

THE SOVRAN RHYTHM

YET, after years and years, to Eve there came
 Impatience in her soul, and as a blight
 Of being the sapless, loveless flower of white
 And torrid happiness that cleaved the same ;
 And once, when in the skies the tempest moved
 Fain had she risen and its lightning proved.
 Then did a sweet, broad shudder glide on her ;
 And, in her deepest flesh to feel it, Eve
 Pressed her frail hands against her bosom's heave
 The angel, when he felt the sleeper stir
 With violent abrupt awaking,
 And scattered air and arms, and body rocked,
 Questioned the night, but Eve remained unlocked,
 And silent. He in vain bespake each thing
 That lived beside her by the naked source,
 Birds, flowers, and mirrors of cold water-courses
 With which, perchance, her unknown thought arose

Up from the ground ; and one night when he layed,
 And with his reverent fingers sought to close
 Her eyes, she leapt out of his great wing's shroud.
 O fertile folly in its sudden flare !
 Beyond the too pure angel's basled care !
 For while he stretched his arms out she was drifting
 Already far, and passionately lifting
 To braziers of the stars her body bare.

And all the heart of Adam, seeing her so,
 Trembled
 She willed to love, he willed to know.

Awkward and shy he neared her, daring not
 To startle eyes that lost in reveries swam ;
 From terebinths were fluttered scents, and from
 The soil's fermenting mounted odours hot.

He tarried, as if waiting for her hests ;
 But she snatched up his hands, and o'er them hung,
 And kissed them slowly, long, with kiss that clung,
 And guided them to cool erected breasts.

But through her flesh they burned and burned. His
 mouth
 Had found the fires to set on flane his drouth,
 And his lithe fingers spread her streaming tresses
 O'er the long ardour of their first caresses.

Stretched by the cool of fountains both were lying,
 Seen of their passion-gleaming eyrs alone
 And Adam felt a sudden thought unknown
 Well in his heart to her fast heart replying.

Eve's body hid profound retreats as sweet
 As moss that by the noon's cool breeze is brushed ;
 Gladly came sheaves undone to be their seat,
 Gladly the glass was by their loving crushed

•
 And when the spasm leapt from them at last,
 And held them bruised in arms strained stiff and tight,
 All the great amorous and to the night
 Tempered its breeze as over them it passed.

But on their vision burst
 A cloud far off at first,
 And whirling its dizziness with such a blast
 That it was all a miracle and a fright,
 Leapt from the dim horizon through the night.
 Adam raised Eve, and pressed unto him fast
 Her shivering body exquisitely wan.
 Vivid and sulphurous the cloud came on,
 With thundering threats o'erflowing, and red lit.

Suddenly on the spot
 Where the wild grass was hot
 With their two bodies that had loved on it,
 All the loud
 Rage of the dark, tremendous cloud
 Bit.

And the voice of the Lord God in its shadow sounded,
 Fires from the flowers and mighty bushes bounded ;
 And where the dark the turning paths submerged,
 With sword in hand flamboyant angels suaged ;
 Lions were roaring at the fateful skies
 Eagles hailed death with hoarsely boding cries ;
 And by the waters all the palm-trees bent
 Under the same hard wind of discontent
 That beat on Eve and Adam on that sward,

And in the vasty darkness drove them toward
New human worlds more fervent than the old.

Now felt the man a magnet manifold
Draw out his strength and mingle it with all ;
Finds he divined, and knew what gave them birth ;
His lover's lips with words grew magical ;
And his unwritten simple heart loved earth,
And sea, ceable water, trees that hold
Authority, and stones that broken skine.
Fruits tempted him to take their placid gold,
And the bruised grapes of the translucent vine
Kindled his thirst which they were ripe to still.
The howling beasts he chused awoke the skill
That in his hands had slept, and pride dowered him
With vehement strengths that foam and over-brim,
That he himself his destiny might build.

And the woman, still more fair since by the man
The marvellous shiver through her body ran,
Lived in the woods of gold by perfumes filled
And dawn, with all the future in her tears.
In her awoke the first soul, made of pride,
And sweet strength blended with an unknown shame,
At the hour when all her heart was shed in flame
On the child sheltered in her naked side.
And when the day begins glorie and is done,
And feet of tall trees in the forests gleam,
She laid her body full of her young are m
On sloping rocks gilt by the setting sun ;
Her lifted breasts two rounded shadows showed
Upon her skin as rosy as a shell,
And the sun that on her pregnant body glowed
Seemed to be ripening all the world as well.
Valiant and grave she pondered, burning, slow,

How by her love the lot of men should grow,
And of the beautiful and violent will
Fated to tame the earth. Ye sacred cares
And griefs, she saw you, you she saw, despairs !
And all the darkest deeps of human ill
And with transfigured face and stately bearing
She took your hands in hers and kissed your brow.
But you as well, men's grandeur madly doting,
You lifted up her soul, and she saw how
The limitless sands of time should by your side
Be buried under billows singing pride,
In you she hoped, ideals keen in quest,
Fervour to love and to desire the best
In valiant pain and anguished joy, and so,
One evening roving in the ater-glow,
When she beheld, come to a mossy plot,
The gates of Paradise thrown open wide,
And the angel beckoning, she turned aside
Without desire of it, and entered not.

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NOTES.

Page 3.—“Red Cheshire.” The Dutch cheese so-called is “roux.” Braun suggests that the adjective should be translated “red-haired.”

Page 6.—“Those that we address with ‘Su’” The cheese sold under the name of “Monsieur l’fromage”

Page 13, *sqq.* —Max Elskamp’s poetry is considered somewhat obscure, and students may find the following equations of help: la Vierge = la femme pure, Jésu, l’enfance délicieuse; un dimanche solaire = une joie éclatante, un dimanche de cœur de bois, = une joie égoïste; un soldat = brutalité; un juif = un marchand, un oiseau = la vie sous la forme du verbe, une fleur = la vie sous la forme de la senteur.

Page 13.—“Of Evening.” Sunday is life, the week-days are death; the poet is the Sunday, therefore since the week is about to begin again, he *must* die. The third stanza means that the Truelove will never again weep for the fair days of betrothal or marriage which the old family ring she wears remind her of.

Page 18.—“Full of cripples” By night, because then the regulations forbidding begging are more easily set at defiance.

Page 19, line 6. - An allusion to the painting by Seghers, which represents the Virgin Mary with lilies, dahlias, and even snowdrops

Page 2. —“Here the azure cherubs blow.” An allusion to the painting by Fouquet in the Museum at Antwerp.

Page 47 —In Huysmans’ novel, *À Rebours*, liqueurs are compared with musical instruments, curacao corresponds to the clarinet, kummel to the nasal oboe, kirsch to the fierce blast of a trumpet, etc

Page 100 --Song vn “Et c'est l'esclavage, n'est-ce pas, auquel s'astreint tout être qui se devoue” Beaumier.

Page 107 —“The running water” is the image of the human soul, constantly changing, “en devenir dans le devenu” And yet there is in it a continued, though mobile unity, a permanent *rhythm*. It objectifies itself in space but only exists in time, and Mockel sees its vital sign in those *aspirations* which guide it towards itself, which bear it on to it, fate. The unity of the mobile river, whose waves to-morrow will no longer be those they are to-day, is the continuous current that bears it, as though it aspired to the infinity of oceans.

Page 110 —The Goblet is woman, who, whether she inspires genius or sells her body, exists, for us, less by

herself than by us, she is what we make her, like this goblet whose colours vary according to what one pours into it.

Page 111.—The Chandelier symbolizes the permanent drama enacted by Art, placed as it is between the frivolous world, which tramples the rose of love under foot,—and the immortal splendour of Nature, which makes it feel its own feebleness.

Page 113.—The Angel is the legend of genius.

Page 116.—The Man with the Lyre is the poet, who is less and less understood as he strikes the greater chords of his lyre.

Page 122.—The Eternal Bride is the Aspiration towards which we strive.

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